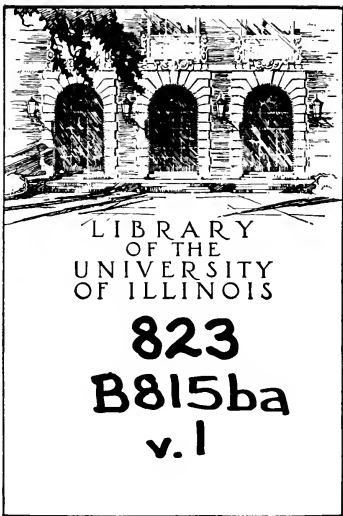
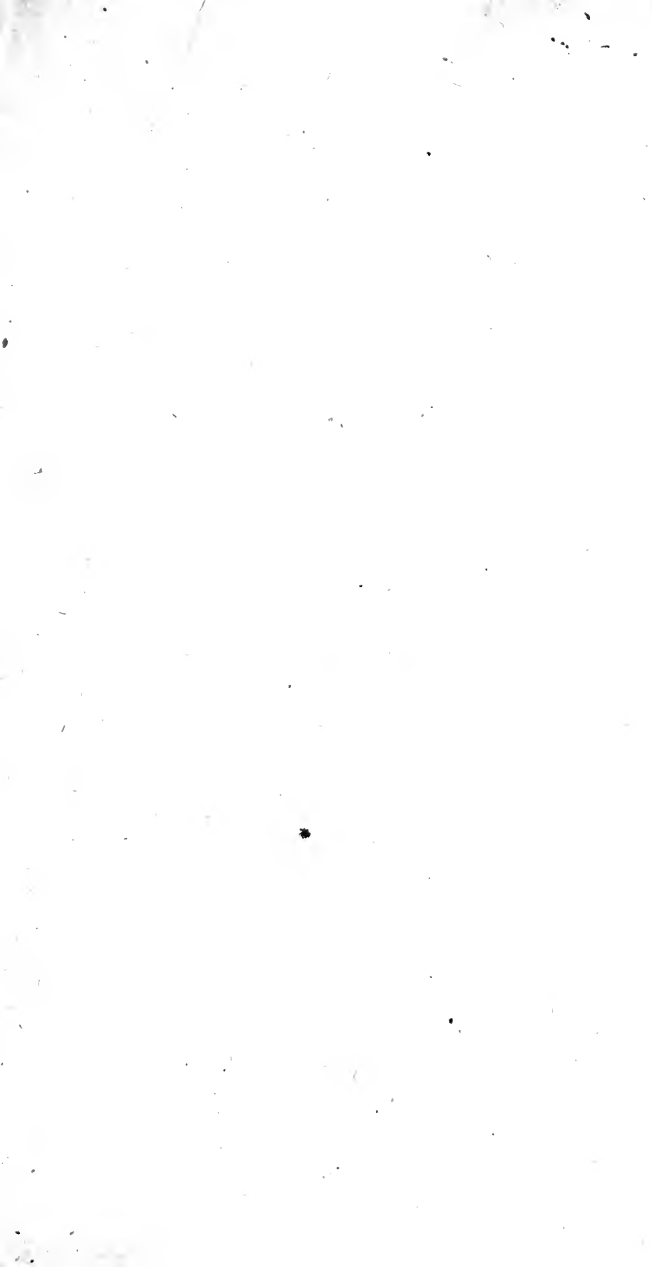
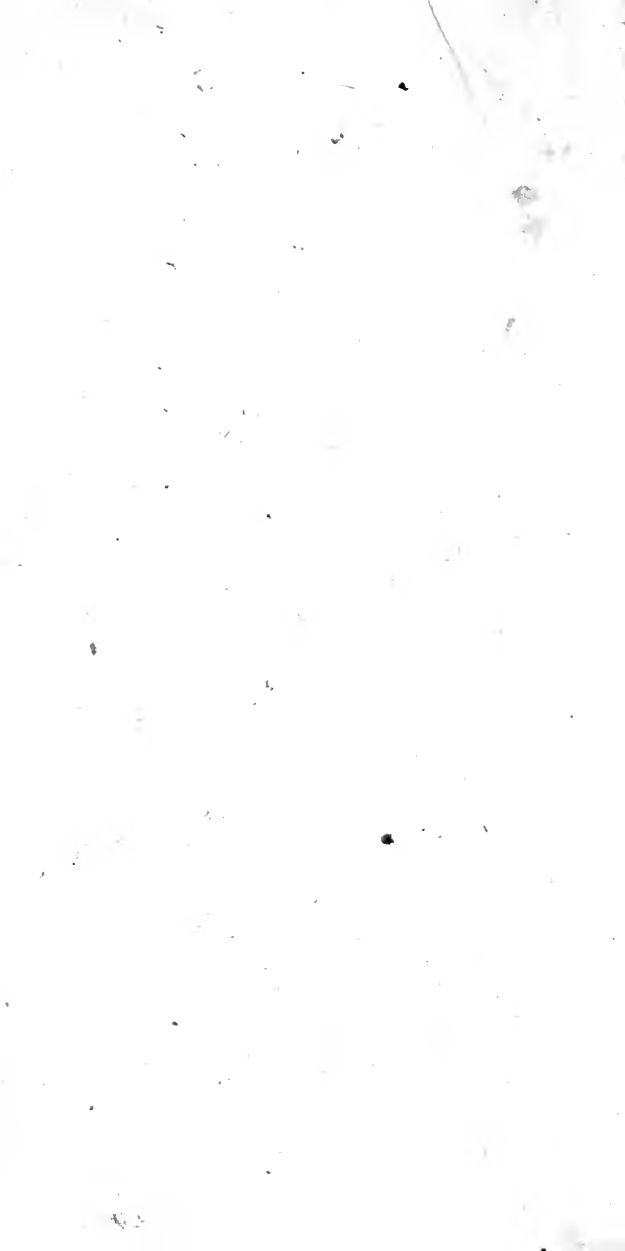




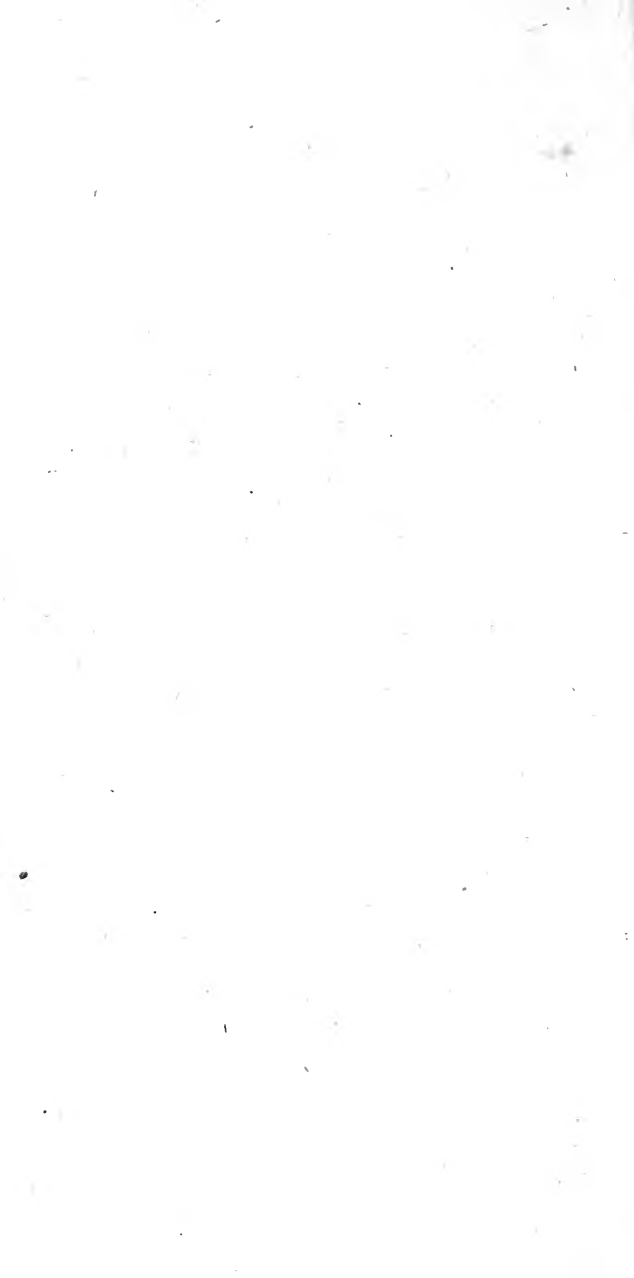
O b











BATH;
A SATIRICAL NOVEL,
WITH PORTRAITS.

BY
THOMAS BROWN, THE ELDER:

AUTHOR OF
Brighton, or the Steyne,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

*" Sans un petit brin d'Amour
On s'ennuyeroit meme a la cour."*

FRENCH BALLAD.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1818.

B. Clarke, Printer, Well Street, London.

823

B815-4a

v. 1

ADVERTISEMENT.



BY an unfortunate error, arising from a hasty preparation of the Manuscript for the Press, Lord and Lady P—— are in the latter part of this Work styled Lord and Lady Mona :—the Reader is therefore requested to bear in mind that they are the same personages.

JAN 14 '52 MARSHALL

Hailed day = 30-

8 ag 51

P. 110. Pa.



B A T H.

CHAPTER I.

A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,
The Scot, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fix'd his mountain home—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain ;
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

LEYDEN'S SCENES OF INFANCY.



ON a high and commanding situation,
embosomed in ancient and lofty pines,
variegated by the oak, the mountain
ash, and by the ivy-clad elm, whose an-
tique roots extend over many a moss-co-
vered path, stands the grey castle of
Glen Eagle. Its huge weather-beaten

walls announce permanence and strength. Its lofty battlements, its portcullis, and deep fosse, its parapet and counterscarp, its loop-holes, its dungeon, and its difficulty of approach, recal to the traveller's imagination the predatory wars of feudal times, and fill the mind with sorties, warriors and palfries slain; with tournaments lost and won, with captive ladies, and with all the tale and circumstance of chivalry.

Extensive woods and steep craggy rocks, whence the bold eagle takes his daring flight, and from whose summits it may be truly said that

“ The chafs and crows that wing the midway air
Seem scarce as gross as beetles,”

form, as it were, a girdle round it; while, in the centre, parks, lawns,

gardens, and shrubberies, smile with peculiar grace, and flourish with uncommon viridity, being sheltered by the sepulchral yew, and by the broad armed oak; and thus protected from the mountain mist and boreal blast, which, in the stormy season, sweep and howl innoxious round this enchanting spot.

A silvery lake, meandering in many a fancy form, laves the foot of the mountain; and devious paths through the purple hether, the yellow broom, and across the chain of adjacent hills, render the whole scene romantic beyond description. On abrupt and almost inaccessible points of the crags you may perceive the mountain goat gambolling uncontrolled, and its sportive young plucking the wild thyme out of antique

niches, and over-hanging the precipice. Amidst the dark, breast-high fern, or bracken, the wild roe looks out, cautious and stately, and paces majestically his round, followed by bounding deer. From rock to rock the hoarse raven and ominous screech-owl echo their dissonant note, which is ever and anon relieved by the oaten pipe of the contented shepherd leading his numerous flocks.

Such is the exterior of the castle. Its interior is not less ancient and imposing. Marble halls, oak staircases, ceilings of the same wood, carved in the most fantastic forms, with arches in fret-work, imitating the most curious lace, carvings of crosses, drawn swords and ducal coronets, wreaths of laurel and cypress, form the ornaments of the

spacious apartments, which are hung with curious decaying tapestry, with many a fabled subject finely wrought, with scrolls and parchments of family achievements, and with genealogical records, whose seals, losing daily their impressions, scarcely retain a vestige of their former representation.

An armoury filled with cross-bows, hawberks, and battle axes, broad-swords and boar spears, javelins and matchlock guns, the clumsy implements of sanguinary and uncivilized wars, with here and there a rusty helmet, and now and then a faded family picture, a chapel of great antiquity, and a banqueting room of prodigious extent, where hospitality still warms the gothic walls, and the harp and pipe still breathe their thrilling

sounds :—such are the halls of the Glen Eagle family, whose clan has played its part, and reeked its vengeance on full many an adventurous Dane, whose ancient bones now whiten in the many tumuli which are to be seen on the mountains and in the environs of the castle.

Its present chief, bearing the strong stamp and feature of nobility, with high bland forehead, ardent eye, prince-like deportment, and courtly mien, but enfeebled and enervated, polished until the original fell off from the old stock of heroes, (like an exchanged and travelled coin, which, from the collision of passing from hand to hand, and being confused and mixed with foreign and baser metals, loses its first form and character), resides, during the autumn

months, on his ample but encumbered estates, and gladdens by his presence, and by the cordiality of his welcome, not only the stern hunter of the forest, but the passing stranger, who, once received, can never forget the hospitality of his hall.

It was now, however, a time of mourning. The duke spent his hours mostly in his study, where he received a loved sympathizing sister and a few faithful friends, who only at intervals intruded on his retirement, or marked his course to the waterfall, or along the lone path that leads to a bower, where love (less lawful than excessive) had often wooed his wandering steps, brushing away the wild rose and creeping eglantine, where then he reposed in thoughtless security,

and slumbered off the delirium of passion, but where he now mused, sighed, and meditated on the past, whilst

“ ————— in rememb’rance dear,
“ Thought followed thought, and tear succeeded
tear.”

The bower that witnessed his bliss had now lost its charm, for she * was fled for ever who constituted its chief delight, who twined the wreath with lily hand, and breathed fresh fragrance on many a dewy flower or aromatic plant.—She was gone—and his heart was widowed.—She was not his by laws—but such as love had made; yet was he inconsolable, and forswore all manner of joy. He ordered, however, that the sports of the

* Lady J. R——.

castle should be uninterrupted for his guests, and only pleaded indisposition, to warrant his withdrawing from the gay throng, whilst Lady Charlotte, and a chosen few, knew, and sorrowed for the real cause.

Whilst a deep gloom seized upon the heart of the duke, the gay guests of Glen Eagle Castle run their giddy round of pleasure. The noonday hunt, the midnight revel, the warm licentious waltz, the attractive drama, the fervid vows and gallantry of swains, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," made the castle a dangerous haunt for the young and unsuspecting beauty breaking into life, and too easily won by pleasure. In the mazes of a flowery wilderness, and, as the poet says,

“ In the close covert of a grove,
“ By nature form’d for scenes of love,”

there were many attractive recesses. There the modest, yet mild and melting fair one would saunter with a favoured love-sick swain, deranged by the intoxication of dissipation, and by a stinted rest, which plays and balls, the breath of music, and the fascination of Moore’s Amatory Melodies, narrowed and intruded on. Here you might see couples at studied distances, with arm linked in each other’s, holding the *peaceful* bow, which was not destined to strike the deer, but hung by the side of another wounded hart, or with the half opened and half *perused* novel or romance, pendant from the ivory gracefulness of woman’s arm, loitering in these destruc-

tive scenes of fascination and enchantment. Here was Clara Winlove with young Lafonce, devouring the soft nonsense of his tongue, receiving and concealing the studied billet, but, finally—*for lack of gold*, she left him. Previous to this desertion, however, the blandishments of this couple were such, that an honest Highland gamekeeper, who sometimes strayed that way, said that he was sure that the *true* lovers would be married, for that he heard such frequent billing* *bacie tenere*, that the sound thereof resembled the chirping of *wee bit birdies*. Here also did the attractive, bewitching, and yielding Mrs. Castletown wander, *unseen*, with Tom Shuf-

* The Highlander bestowed another name on the thing.

fleton, in amorous converse, and in tender strains of love

“ Did plight their mutual faith so *very true*,
“ That echo answer’d to the bird —*cuckoo*.”

Here also did Lord ——— stray through the woody mazes of a labyrinth, whose margin is beautifully studded and enameled with flowers, linked in the well-turned arm of Jaquelina Lovemore, whose large full eye, like that of Juno, commanded fierce and imperious love, and whose high coloured sanguine charms, like lightning’s flash, either dazzled or inflamed the beholder. Here too Mrs. Milafont, with some sapient elderly swain, *reasoned* on passion and attachment, and moralized on the *egarements du cœur, et de l’esprit*, whilst the *silver crescent* stood high in the vault

above, and the distant sound of the dinner gong only left her time to say, “ We will *resume* this interesting subject to-morrow; but recollect, my dear Mr. Bookworm, the principles which *I lay down*, and which, arguing *a priori* –” Here they were interrupted, and joined by the dinner party, running in all directions, with golden and raven tresses given to the wanton *wind*, warmed by love stories, and trusted to Zephyr’s tattling and inconstant breeze. Here too lovely and kind Mrs. Hazlewood would sing a *second* to

“ Will you go to the bower I have shaded for
you,

“ Your bed shall be roses empearl’d with the
dew.”

We have already said that the moon lit the party to dinner. The mode of

living at the castle of Glen Eagle was thus. Not *much later* than at three, p.m. was served breakfast, the best in the world, because a Scotch breakfast, where cold moor-fowl and other game, fish in abundance, particularly dried, cold tongues and ham, late fruits, fresh cream, marmalade of exquisite flavor, and honey which would not have disgraced the *Hyblean* bee, were superadded to the common materials of a *dejeunè*, and derived additional *spirit*, not only from foreign liqueurs, but from the peat-perfumed whiskey, which makes the Highlander's heart dance with mirth, or nerves his strong muscular arm for most intrepid deeds of war.

Fishing, shooting, riding and driving, spearing the salmon, or shooting the

wild deer, with scenes mysterious, and amatory promenade, amused the guests of this hospitable roof until moonlight winked at little adventures, which, being *peccati celati*, should be *mezzo perdonati*; or until the sable curtain of evening dropped upon ladye, knight, and 'squire. And whatever may have happened—now

“ Clouds and darkness rest upon't.”

Then began the feast, the revel, and the soft sound of music, the plentiful libation to the jolly god, flushing the ardent features of the males, and lending a crimsonish velvet hue to *faire ladye's* cheek, and an archness to her sparkling eye, with such a rosy invitation to her lip, that stoical coldness could scarcely look on unmoved; and the

stoutest heart might melt and waver under such circumstances of witchery.

The *matin* bell was the *belle's* summons to the festive youths to quit their devotions to Bacchus, and to pay their homage to the blue-eyed queen of love. The youthful readily obeyed. Encouraged by the magic grape had been the sigh, the look, the foot of beauty erring under the table, and coming in electric contact with his, who burned with desire of being still on a more friendly *footing* with the fair; or the *corresponding* pressure of soft and taper fingers seized on a staircase, or slily bestowed to the obedient and devoted beau who opened the folding door when loveliness withdrew, to allow a space for the unbridled mirth and converse of the gentlemen. The

elderly still adhered to the mirth-inspiring bowl, and drowned the recollection of time and fleeting life, in the oblivious cup, till day chid them for the loss of hours, ah ! never to return again.

A concert, a private play, waltzing, and the Highland reel, passed off the merry nights ; whilst many of the men adjourned to the billiard table, and never couched at all, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day. In these sports and gambols there was a strong contest betwixt the fascination and effect of the amorous, graceful, and languishing waltz, and the bounding, active, and elastic reel. In the former, bosoms heaved, eyes drooped, arms unfolded, and gliding mazy motions *turned* the brain and inflamed the heart; in the latter, agile

forms, light and quivering limbs, active and frolicksome attitudes and movements, exhilarated the spirits, impelled the high flush of youth, and fixed the inquiring eye of the connoisseur ; whilst the aged Highlander sighed, with the mingled conflict of pain and pleasure, lost in remembrance of after days, and perhaps, with an unhidden tear in his eye-lid, which rough but less exquisite feeling had brought there, from a retrospective glance at “ the days of lang syne.” The follower of nature was captivated by the latter, but the courtly youth’s heart was seduced and riveted to the former.

All this time did the duke feed his melancholy, and indulge in unavailing regret, comforted by Lady Charlotte,

and receiving the condolences of choice friends ; for his grace *thought* that he had felt *real* love, immutable attachment, and eternal affection : he had fondly dreamed that his was an inextinguishable flame, a never-fading affection, such as is thus described :

To keep one sacred flame

Through life unchill'd, unmov'd ;

To love in wintry age the same

That first in youth——we lov'd ;

To feel that we adore

To such refin'd excess,

That though the heart would break with more,

It could not live with less :—

This, *this is love*——faithful love,

Such as saints might feel above.

But alas ! there was more of the sinner than of the saint in his grace's passion ; and neither had it the exquisite, unsullied refinement, nor interminable

existence, which imagination had created in his mind. At length, however, a circumstance occurred, which drew him, nothing willing, from his solitude and tears, and which forced him to leave his room, to mix with the guests of the castle. It was now the birth-day of the duke; and ancient usage, love of his surrounding clan, Highland hospitality, and faithful adherence to family customs, rendered it necessary for the chief to meet his relations, his vassals, and his friends, in the halls of his forefathers, to unfurl the banner of his house, and therewith to surmount the round-tower of his castle; to admit the piper of the clan with his device, colours, and ribbands flying, with the armorial bearings of the family richly embroidered on the

flag, and to listen to the rude but martial pibroch, to the gathering which ran through the veins of the attentive mountaineer, which made him strut and bristle up like the roused lion, or bound and flounce about to the merrier Highland fling.

On this grand and imposing occasion, you might see kilts waving, tartan drapery flouncing in graceful fold, feathers nodding, dirks and broad-swords glittering in their studded and ornamented sheaths. There were the clans of Glen Eagle, Glen Lion, Glen Turret, and Glen More ; the Ivers M'Ivers, the Tavish M'Tavishs', the Gregor M'Gregors, the Alpin M'Alpins, and, though last, not least, Glenfallach, Dunstaffnage, Kinlochaulin, M'Nab, and Rorie M'In-

tosh. There were such hearty felicitations, such hands manfully clenched in hands, such shouting, and such footing it; such snapping of fingers, and clattering of brogues, such felicitations and greetings, that the massy pillars of the hall shook, and the walls rung with health and long life to Glen Eagle, and success to the honour of the clan.

Donald, the gamekeeper, had, with his unerring rifle, couched on bended knee, shot the proudest roe of the forest, which he laid at his master's feet, with a Highland compliment, signifying, "so low may every enemy of your house and clan be placed." Angus the piper had, ere he tuned his pipe, speared with his *lister*, or trident, an immense salmon, which also was offered at the shrine of

fidelity and respect. Mary M'Gilvray, heading a band of Highland maids, presented garlands of flowers, and looking archly at the young Laird of Ben Nevis, seemed as if she had gathered *parmi les fleurs quelques fruits*. All, however, was hilarity, and Highland mirth, friendship, and true hospitality.

At the health of Glen Eagle being proposed, every broad-sword leaped from its scabbard; and the nearest of kin sticking his dirk in the table, shouted in chorus, whilst the piper struck up "a louder yet, and yet a louder strain," and all laying their hands on their blades, swore to stick together until the end of time. There you might have heard groans and sounds of *ogh, ou aye, ouff*, such gutterals and expletives as frighten-

ed two or three of the ladies terribly, and turned the stomach of an exquisite from London: but these groans and grunts were not of displeasure; they were the expressions of what they *could* do, what they *would* do, what they *had done* to the enemies of their country and their clan, and what they may do again and again, when clad in the bright array of arms.

The duke, although refined down into an exquisite, had still the latent spark of patriotism in his breast; still did he feel the encreased current of proud blood, and his heart stirred powerfully within him to behold the tried loyalty, the genuine attachment, the incorruptible fidelity of these sons of blue hills, and climbers of lofty precipices. There was

not an individual, young or old, from the red scar which marked the boundary of his domain, to the foot of the mountain, and to the border of the lake, who had not come forth to join in honest heartfelt gratulations. It was a scene that well might have awakened the noblest feelings, and have thrilled the soul of sensibility.

The feast passed off with harmony and with uninterrupted glee. Twenty-four hours were devoted to its celebration; and even then, the vassal chiefs, who held under Glen Eagle's chieftainship hereditary land and consequence of their own, rallied the *disabled* forces, and making *head* with the strongest heads, adjourned to different *points de raillement*, to drain another cup to the

honour of the rank, and to talk over the full bowl, of legendary tale, family record, and chronicled achievements of their ancestors, to pledge the kind and friendly sentiment, to emulate each other in filling to the brim to the fairest ladye and the most adventurous knight, in putting round the mountain ballad and the war songs, and in calling up from their embers “the spirits of their fathers.”


Mount Eagle, notwithstanding, felt no relief in all this. “*Lethalis arundo manet alta mente reposta* ;” nothing could drive away despair ; nor flowing bowl, nor music’s gladdening strain, nor lively dance, nor woman’s winning smile. Change of place was advised ; and it was determined upon that his grace

should leave the castle the next day for Bath, where it was said the *waters* would be of service. The waters of *Lethe* would have been necessary one might have thought; but other events were in the embryo of time, and *in time* will come to light.

CHAPTER II.

“ Mi nueva y dulce querela
Es invisible, etc.”

Within my bosom's cell I bear
A recent wound——a valued woe ;
It lurks unseen and buried there.
No gazing eyes my secret know.



WITH these words, and this feeling, the duke took a hasty leave of his castle : the guests were requested to remain as long as they chose; and Lord John, his grace's brother, was deputed to entertain them. He started at night to avoid seeing his numerous affectionate tenantry, to get rid of his steward with a list of demands and items three yards long, and to beguile, by travelling, the hours

which tranquil minds gave to rest. He journeyed night and day until he arrived at Edinburgh. There, fatigue, and the necessity of seeing his agent, compelled him to stop, and the marriage of a sixteenth cousin (so far does relationship and protection go in Scotland) induced him to give her away, and to be present at a ball, but not to join either in the mirth or the active amusements of the scene.

Edinburgh is so well known, that it would be idle to attempt at describing it. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with saying that it is the very reverse of the western Highlands; that civilities, gratulations, smiles, and demonstrations of attachment, are *common* there, but not *obligatory*; that they are the mere tokens, the signs, and representations,

without the essence of friendship ; that Donald's heart and hand move together ; but that a Lowlander is a very different man.

A suspicious John Bull, on his northern tour, was so surprised at the readiness of a Lowlander to put out his hand to do you a civility, but *never* a service, that he used to button up his breeches pocket immediately, and put his hand behind him, fearful lest a first token of intimacy might only be a prelude to being taken in. Be that as it may, the Lowlander is quite another being from the western or genuine Highlander : the roughness and honesty of the latter is highly contrasted by the supple pliability and artfulness of the eastern Highlander, and by the extreme caution of the Low-

lander; and every other quality is as much at variance in them as in the inhabitants of opposite countries and soils possibly could be.

But his grace is now dressing, and we shall be at the ball immediately. It was far in the night when the duke entered the dancing-room. Every eye was upon him, and the whisper went round. His distant kinsman ran proudly to receive a titled relative, and was delighted at having an opportunity of introducing him to the party. It consisted of a heterogeneous mixture of great and little, of high and low, assimilated and brought together by many combining circumstances. The great and high were poor, the nobility were involved and incumbered, the little and low were prosper-

ous, thriving in banks or speculative concerns, at the bar, or in finance. Thus the lord was *poor*, but the agent or *doer* *did* him, and was *rich*. Then again, the writers and advocates had clients of high blood and ancient family, with scarcely a coat to their back; whilst they, the lawyers, had a whole *suit*, by which they made a hundred coats, waistcoats, and pairs of pantaloons for themselves, their numerous families, their clerks, servants, and poor relations. The medical men too swarmed like bees in a hive. Every patient seemed to have two doctors; and it is wonderful how they left any health in the land to trade with, or to operate upon.

To behold at a rout, the dingy tribe of physic and law, a stranger might sup-

pose that the inhabitants of the whole country were at variance and sick, and that the professions played into each other's hands ; the first by plucking his man and vexing him into a fit of illness, and the second by coming in after the lawyer's execution, to glean the field of the *half slain*, by physicking his pocket into a consumption, and by working his strength into the grave. Doctor, advocate, writer to the signet, and law-student, made up the great mass of the groups ; whilst antiquated tabbies, card-playing matrons, and giddy skipping girls on the list of promotion, coupled with rude young clumsy bucks, completed the remaining quota.

The waltz was *here* not general. At this house it was entirely forbid : it was

thought not quite *discreet* ; and that word *discreet* is a very comprehensive term. Here there were no Macs, no Rories, nor Gregors, but there were *Maisters* Innes and Inglis, and Christieson, and Gibson and Tomson, and all sorts of *sons*. There were law lords and agents, and poor baronets and bankers, and a rich baronet *raised* by whiskey and grain, and great distillers, and wine merchants, physicians and surgeons, poets and professors, advocates and ministers, *sine fine*.

Now, ministers in Scotland are not *ministers of state*, but *stately ministers* of the gospel. Just as *parks* are mere *fields*, and *fields* are called *parks*, *polities* have nothing to do with policy or politics, but are paltry plantations. Wood

is so magnified and upheld, that a man's walking-stick has its weight and respectability; and *timmer* or timber may be exemplified by two or three bramble bushes, or by a *wooden* leg, which accordingly is called a *tree leg*, and which, it must be confessed, is the *lamest* account of timber that ever was known. Thus it is that *Lowland* consequence is very *high*, and that *Highland* consequence is very *low*, except where the claymore or broad-sword gets fair play, and there Donald Roy, and, Roderic *Dubh*, mark their own scores, and stand as *high* as any one.

In continuance of this Lowland importance, every man with a few roods or acres of land is *maister sic a ane* of Stonefield, or Greenhill, or Whiteside, or

Lonevale, et cetera; whereas, the mountaineer, with plains, and hills, and heaths, and mountains, wood, water, and valley, makes but a poor figure in Edinburgh; borrows perhaps his own money of his man of *business* and *doer!!!* and, whilst he is fighting the battles of his country abroad, his agent at home is figuring away upon his property, and raising his rents.

The duke was deeply dipped in this way, and in consequence was very *condescending* to the Lowland breed of merchants and doers, when out of his own sphere, and off his own free mountains. At supper, a great many of the misses cast warm and inviting glances at the duke: but grief had double-locked every avenue to his heart, and he retired, un-

interested by any of them, from the merry dance and sumptuous supper; and throwing himself into his carriage, travelled night and day again (with the exception of a few hours repose about noon) until he reached London.

There he made but a short halt: but before we proceed further, let us observe, that whilst Ben More and Ben Nevis, Loch Lomond and Loch-long, Glen Lion and Glen Eagle, Glen Garry and Glen Morison, are sacred, lofty, and noble, ancient and of warlike race—Mavis bank, and Spring field, Greenlaw, and Weeshaw, Red-hill and Dirty-burn, never can give an idea beyond novel propriety, paltry possession, the man of yesterday, prosperity of the

day, an escape from the counter, or an education from successful profession or trade. Yet these materials form the opulent inhabitants of Edinburgh, riding in ill appointed carriages, or strutting with civic importance about the streets, with the gold chain of office round their necks, and a still greater love of gold in their hearts.

One of these civic characters, whose funeral was almost a fac simile of the immortal Lord Nelson's, Bailly Choler to *wit*, though he had no *wit* at all, but brought on his end, very probably, by immoderate choler on the bench, and by overheating himself in his *official* and *officious* capacity at a great city feast, was not, like some of his predecessors, a rogue in grain, but a rogue in

wool, or a wolf in sheep's clothing, namely, a *greedy* vender of fleecy hosiery, flannel night caps, *auld wives'* under petticoats, and *auld maids'* wool-len drawers, socks for gouty feet, and as low as Shetland hose at sixpence or ninepence per pair. Yet he was in the high road to a bankruptcy, and a *setting up again*, or to a baronetcy and fortune, with a HOUSE, consisting, perhaps, but of *one* floor, a *park*, a *policy*, and *timmer*, all in a couple of acres of land, with three yew trees before the door; and from being a *merchant*, (for such are retail grocers and stocking weavers in Edinburgh) might have been Sir *William*, or Sir *John*, or at least Squire *Choler* of *New Park*, *Lone House*, or *Dike Side*.

Before the duke left Edinburgh he had occasion to borrow a little cash, and applied to a reverend doctor. The doctor "was na quite sure aboot the security;" but then again *ye ken*, the name of a nobleman went a great way with the doctor, and he was proud of lending to so great a man.

Doctor Mc. Money, by the mac in his name, appears, *prima facie* as Highland, and the clan as Argyleshire; but the doctor in himself is a complete money-loving Lowlander. There are three subjects which this reverend examiner is *vara* fond of; viz. preaching, quality, and usury. In the first he is *magnus*, in the second *major*, in the third *maximus*.

His preaching is now mostly confined

to the cabins of the lower order, over a glass of whiskey ; and the *spirit moves the Doctor in sun 'ry way* . The theme of quality does not, however, *run out* as his spirituous *stream of eloquence* does ; but it is a constant *running on* about quality, pedigree, anecdotes of *titled* folks, and the history of his *ain faimilie*, with his matrimonial connections in the nobility line ; for, from aye boeing an' boeing, and *kirk ga'in*, he *married twa* dames of noble houses, and what's *more*, and perhaps *better* for the doctor, he buried them *baith*.

These alliances, great savings, and lending out money at interest, has made the doctor (in spite of many bad debts, and overreaching himself for the love of lucre) a rich man ; and, with his riches,

he has become a complete miser, which in his house, his person, and *all* his *habits*, is most picturesquely striking.

His house is dirty and confined ; is crammed up with *packed up*-furniture from the fear of spoiling it by use ; and is filled with family trees, pictures of noble relations, damask chairs cased up, and not to be set on, his two wives' wardrobes kept to look at, trinkets locked up and void of lustre, parchments, deeds, indentures tripartite, bonds, mortgages, and obligatory paper unclaimed, with cabinets, servants' liveries never to be worn, and plate to be viewed once a-year.

In his person, you will find him at breakfast in a quondam green baize night gown, patched and mended like a

harlequin's jacket, a greasy waistcoat, which from black has become more green than the gown, a pair of ditto breeches quilted with an embroidery of pack-thread darns, procured gratis from off the different parcels which have arrived at his door for the last half century, shoes covered with mildew, and not to be brushed for fear of wearing out, and a nightcap made of chocolate coloured flowered cotton, being the worn-out seat of his housekeeper's cast-off petticoat, picked up by the doctor when thrown out, in order that *naething* should be *wasted*.

When the doctor goes out he wears a wig like a French abbé's, which must have flourished in the days of Louis

Quatorze, and was probably bought *second hand* abroad in the earliest part of his youth, and this is surmounted by a *sexagonaire* hat, which serves for umbrella and beaver at the same time, from its immense dimensions; the beaver, however, is *nominal*; and it is a toss-up which has most hair on it, his reverence's wig or his *sombrero* of a hat.

A thread-bare coat completes his toilette, of a very equivocal *brownish blackish* grey; and upon high days and holidays the doctor puts on a ring upon his never-fading snuff-dyed finger, which ring has a family record attached to it, and is composed of an assemblage of large rose diamonds, which, however, he values as if the whole treasures of

Golconda were exhausted on its formation, or, as if Potosi and Peru could produce nothing in value to equal it.

Thus equipped, he sets out to lend money, drink whiskey, and sponge for a dinner: he notes down great *intended* gains in his memoranda; secures his beloved cash, and the note of hand, or other security of the *parties* in one of the finest pocket books that ever was printed, cased in the leather of a great-grandfather's boots; walks home in all weathers, in order to save coach or chair hire; and is not unfrequently found speechless in the kennel with his pockets rifled, and thus brought home by a ticket-porter; for the doctor is *all* for *gain*, but a little for the bottle!

From this miser His Grace was ne-

cessitated to have recourse to one more accommodating, although not less interested. Mr. Compound is a man neither of birth nor education, nor of connections, nor of ability, but not of less note in the money-lending world. The lairds of Fifeshire, which is humourously called the land of *promise*, well know him. Bond and mortgage are the order of the day there, and Mr. C. well knows the value of both. His origin was as a member of the *board of green cloth*, i. e. a tailor, but he has since then assumed the name of a *merchant*, a term very freely taken up by the Edinburgians, who not uncommonly set up a chandler's shop, with a figure of four thus, 4, at their doors, indicative of their trading with the four

quarters of the globe! which entitles them to the distinction of merchants! Mr. Compound may fairly bear *that* name, not only from the idea of compound interest, but from the compounds which form his character. We have already seen that he has relinquished the tailor's shop-board for the *board of trade* in the money line, and that he has put down the goose and thimble, to traffic with the goose from Orkney, or the Lowland pigeon, the blundering Irish student *out of pocket*, and the mortgaging Fifeshire laird with estate *out at elbows*. Mr. C. deals in ship beef, hard pork, salt butter, fruit, wine, *mouse-traps*, and *other sweetmeats*; in fine, he vends these commodities as giving facility to the bill-doing business.

We do not mean to impeach Mr. C. as a hard-hearted man, or a more nefarious money-broker than any of the trade, but merely to state the versatility of his genius, and the *universality* of his trade. (Edinburgh, gentle reader, is a university—don't let the pun be lost.) To give a sketch of Mr. C's character, he adds religion to arithmetic, and a love of the sex to an inordinate love of money, which may easily be seen by his keeping his guests waiting three-quarters of an hour for dinner in order to treat them with a long grace, in which a *sort* of *prayer* for health and ready money, and something touching the payment of debts, is *happily* introduced, and from the circumstance of his going to the meeting at night on the *Sabbath*, as

they always call it in Scotland, to make acquaintance with some pretty serving girl; these females imbibing such primitive principles of philanthropy, that they love their neighbours as themselves, whilst the puritan male loves go further, for they love their neighbour's wives better than their own, and their neighbour's servants *par preference* to any other. But to give the last trait of *pious* zeal, and deep-rooted love of money in our friend in question, he has an only son whom he loves so tenderly, that he has had him christened Abraham Newland: he was born before the time of Henry Hase, else, doubtless, the name would well enough have suited a *hazy* baptism, which is no uncommon thing in the north. The young gen-

tleman's mamma was a spider-brusher : and such was the freedom of conscience exercised by the parents, that they did not think matrimony indispensably necessary, and accordingly dispensed therewith. From what motives we do not pretend to say, but the loan did not take place, and Glen Eagle went away disappointed from Mr. Compound, as he had done from the doctor. Money-lending in Edinburgh is like what Doctor Johnson said of learning in the same city : it is confined to a few, and even those few are confined in their notions, they have all a mouthful, but no man has a stomach full : the will to gain is counteracted by the fear to lose ; so in learning, the wish to learn is sadly checked by the desire of turning learning to account, and by

the fear that even learning should cost too much, whereby the holder of the talent, might not be able speedily to turn it into a talent of gold, or (more probably) a talent of silver. If a man fail with the doctor, or with Mr. Compound, he must come to Mr. *Try*, the woollen-draper and furnisher, who will sell him abundance of things abundantly dear: he lives at the sign of the white *fleece*, or the lamb's *fleece*, we forget which; he will do a man's bill, ask another to dinner, and *fancies* himself quite a gentleman: hunts, struts, and forgets himself, but never forgets his bill; he also plays at whist, and visits a few ruined lairds, and green students; and neither are much benefitted by his society: he is, moreover, a

miller: but as Sandy is not *the sort for grinding*, he makes but a poor hand of it. Transplanted to a richer soil, Mr. Try might thrive prodigiously; but the Scot can take his kail and his haggis without *mushroom sauce*; and neither his eye nor his palate is to be dazzled or crammed. But away with accommodation bills, et cetera, and to our main plot.

CHAPTER IV.

Les jours se suivent, mais ne se ressemblent point.

Days like to-day as long as time can last,
Yet different far the present from the past.

LONDON was to Glen Eagle a *triste souvenir*. He had there been happy in the society of one who was all the world to him. The scene of rendezvous, the hour of meeting, the impassioned billet laid on his breakfast table, the lover's walks, the park, the opera, and the play—all, and every one, brought heart-rending reminiscences to his mind. Even the distractions and dissipation which used to consume his nights, and waste his days, were now insupportable. Be-

sides, he had not Tom Shuffleton, that king of dissipation, who used to be the companion of his excesses. It was not to be borne ; so he sojourned but two nights in the capital, and posted with all possible celerity to Bath.

Arrived, his first visit was to the pump-room, that panorama of all the characters of Europe, that masqueradish display of loveliness and decrepitude, of vitiated and premature age, of artificial and ill-imitated youth, with here my Lord Padagrus and Alderman Anasarca, there Miss Mimikin about to run away with an officer, and Lady Languish, of half-a-century old, trussed up like a turkey for the spit, larded with paint and perfumes, and hanging out for an intrigue, whilst she is regretting how well

the waters agree with her debilitated paralytic spouse.

In one place is the pigeon-fancier of fashion, and in another the wife-hunter from the county of Roscommon. Here the ruined spendthrift finishing his means, and there a wretched miser eat up with a complication of disorders, and clinging to life like a drowning mariner to the wreck. Here a seemingly attentive Lowland Scotch husband walking by the chair of his sickly consort, who has lost the use of her limbs ; and whilst wiping her dewy face with what he called a pocket *napekin*, and chafing her bloodless cold hand with his harsh fist, says inwardly to himself: “ It wad be a *happy release gin she were to dee*,” then plies his office again with “ Ma deer,

ye'll be better in *awee whily*. A ken that the waters hae done ye muckle sarvice."—*Bien entendu* that Sandy's *doer* has made out the *deeds* in favour of the survivor, *an' gin she were to dee*, Sandy has his ee upon a hump-backed maiden worth twenty thousand pounds, wha' fell in love wi' him at the meeting-house, whar' Sandy seemed to be praying wi' a' his might an' main, but was *glouring* at the *back an' breste* lassie wi' the lang purse a' the while.

Besides these, there were many characters whose portraits we subjoin.

DR. TIMELY.

Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a *rat*!"
This may be fairly applied to Doctor

T——y, L. L. D. by profession, and *Scotus* by birth. This gentleman can tell better than any body else what a difference there is betwixt the *old times* and the *new*; and, being the man of the *day*, can give *experimental* lessons on *turning of coats*, changing sides, and coming round with the *wind of interest*, and can explain all the secrets of *ratting* and of political apostacy.

In other *times*, he used to make his appearance at the lakes, and formed one of a learned triumvirate, two parts of which were made up by those able poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge, who then bestowed on him the appellation of the dirty philosopher. Whether to wash off that stain, or not, we cannot decide; but he one day dropped his jacobinical

bonnet rouge and his friends together, and, abluting in the lakes, came *clean-handed* to town, with a weathercock on his head, and ultra-royalism on his tongue. It is supposed, however, that he is no longer clean-handed, and that, although he has completely changed his doctrines, his friendships, and his principles, yet he has strictly adhered to those habits which gained him the name of the dirty philosopher.

It cannot, however, be denied, that he is a very able conductor of a ———, and no bad pilot, since he has shewn such admirable dexterity and celerity in putting about his political bark; but it would be very difficult to persuade his readers of the purity, disinterestedness, and sincerity of his opinions and

sentiments, knowing, as doubtless they do, how different his views were whilst amongst the lake scenery.

If change of opinion can thus depend on change of place, it may at last come to vary, even with the change of a guinea, and be no longer received as current, but by placemen, or the monied interest of the country, whilst no reliance can then be reposed in men out of place, for fear they get in, nor of men in place, lest they get out. What a good chance have the disciples of such politicians and the readers of such —— of forming a just opinion, and of coming at the truth !

MAJOR TIPTOP.

Major Tiptop was once a character of no small notoriety in town. After a very

liberal education at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he made his *debut* in the ——— regiment of Life Guards, to which corps he was for seven years adjutant. During that period, he rendered much service to the regiment, made it a pattern one; and on that occasion got the nick-name of the tip-top adjutant.

Singularity in dress was the circumstance which, we believe, first brought him into notice; and it has been asserted by his friends, that the love of notoriety more than affectation or puppyism, induced him to adopt his style in that respect. A short waist, a crop like a pigeon, which the Prussian troops are very famous for, and a very small pigeon tail to the coat, thrown so far back as to discover a full rear view of

the person, were the leading characteristics of his dress.

Not wholly absorbed by the occupation of a Martinette, and being a very good scholar, he dedicated a part of his time to the pen; and, at an early period of life, published letters from ———, which were not without merit. He then betook himself to prologue and epilogue writing; and he did write some admirable ones; but envy, ever ready to detract from merit, suggested to some one, to whom the captain's back settlements being too much in view had given offence, the following squib:

“ The captain is a funny dog,
A very dab at epilogue;
Helps brother dunce at play or farce;
I wish he would'nt shew his ———,
But leave off these fantastic whims,
And cover up his clumsy limbs.

The next affair of note in his life was his *liaison* with the *then* lovely Mrs. W——, on whose account, that is to say, with the view of providing for whom, he commenced his undertaking of a newspaper, and he accordingly published the *World*—thus literally proving that “love first created the world.” This paper was inferior to none in point of merit, fashion, or circulation; and although *the world is as much taken in as ever in the newspaper*, and in every other line, yet very few papers have rivalled the world in sale and in sallies of wit. As incipient love gave rise to the “world”, so did disappointed love occasion its fall; for, by the estrangement of intellect of this very interesting actress, after a bad recovery from an accouchement, he lost

the *sweets of Cowslip's* * society, and all spur to proceed with this arduous but lucrative concern, and left the gay world and the avocation of author for retirement and a country life.

Messrs. M——y, S——n, J——ll, and A——s, were constant contributors to the major's fashionable Paper, as also Mrs. C——y, Mrs. R——n, and some very interesting among many female hands. With most of these, as also with R——s and Captain B——n B——w, whose loss we shall ever regret as a scholar and a polished gentleman, he was in great habits of intimacy; but his more particular arm companions were M——s,

* Cowslip was Mrs. W——'s favourite and most celebrated character.

P——r A——s,* known by the name of Gunpowder A——s, and a Cornet M——d: the former was an author, and the latter's chief merit was (we believe) being Captain Tiptop's cornet.

In the wilds of Yorkshire, Major Tiptop is an active magistrate, and a practical farmer. His principal field amusement is coursing, in which diversion he has also obtained notoriety, ha-

* Messrs. T——, A——, and M——, were seen so constantly and inseparably together at the festive board and elsewhere, that they got the names of the “Knife, Fork, and Spoon.” The Knife we should allot to the major, for the *sharpness* of his wit; the Fork to Mr. A——, on account of the *point* which some of his productions evinced; and the *Spoon* to the jolly cornet, for any reason which may suggest itself to the reader.

ving the best breed of greyhounds perhaps in Europe, namely, that of the famous S——ll. His cabinet occupation is, we are informed, the compilation of a *History of his own Life*. If the major candidly publishes the varied scenes of life which he has witnessed, and of which he may say, “*Quorum pars magni fui*,” the publication will teem with fun, frolic, and many a merry tale, and will probably not circulate less extensively and rapidly than that public print of his which contained the very cream of all fashionable affairs.

COLONEL LOSEILLE.

What a *hope*-full thing it is to go to the Cape! much more, of course, to

double it. These voyages prove to ladies complete voyages of *discovery*; and it is to be hoped that they will prove to their husbands voyages of *observation*. Colonel Loseille has brought Cape practices to light in a most eminent degree. What a fine opening to the Hottentots for moral improvement! What a rare example of what is to be expected from age, experience, and a military situation of trust; where a staff officer, in providing for an arriving officer of inferior rank, can, in furnishing quarters for him, and in looking after his interest and comfort, *billet* himself on a wife's fidelity, undermine the fabric and habitation of his quiet and honour, and give him a pass to seek for a solace for his dishonour and misery afterwards!

Colonel Loseille, by being an elderly gentleman of tranquil and moral habits, is the last man to be suspected, and of course the most dangerous in these domestic interferences, these alienations of affection, virtue, and morality, by the encouragement which successful and triumphant vice offers in the way of example, and by the false security which profligate age assumes in the sight of prying and vicious inexperience. The youth in the army has been long watched with anxious eye by the military benedict ; but the man of years will in future be the object of mistrust.

How much the colonel has shewn himself a cool veteran in matters of seduction ; and how interesting, creditable, and flattering, must his correspond-

ence be to Colonel S——, to whom he delegates so respectable a charge, on whose discrimination and ability he so implicitly relies, to whose friendship he adds such a charm as secrecy, accommodation, delicacy, and *gallant* service! How time improves every thing! The colonel's observations would be unattractive, if they were not tempered by experience, long service, gilded by an established moral character, and perfected by veteran coolness, and a combination of flattering prospects for young married men entering the army.

We despair not, after this, of seeing Cupid entirely out of fashion, and of some grandfather being set up as the god of love, with all the wisdom of an Apollo, the craft of a Mercury, and

the gravity of a Saturn, making love by regular approaches, studied siege, and calculated operations; in which case the game will be up with the young, the blooming, and unsuspecting; and a man's conquests in gallantry, may, like his army rank, depend upon his long services, his influence, or the trust committed to him.

DR. GULL.

An itinerant quack, travelling through France, informed his auditors that he lived *upon simples*. And so does Doctor G——; but one cannot blame a man if he can persuade the ignorant that he can cure all diseases with one remedy, that he can grind old women

young, and make old gentlemen lively and frisky, for *pocketing the affront* of being called empiric, mountebank, and Doctor et cetera et cetera.

This contemptible —— announces that he has discovered a —— which is to invigorate the debilitated, to give fecundity to the decayed fair sex, tone to the nerves, elasticity to the system, and regenerated health to the aged and declining. He further informs them, that pure gold is one of the component parts; but that ingredient the doctor puts in his pocket instead of his pill, or rather in his ——.

So florid an advertisement, and so much promise must naturally produce much interest; and he has for many years played upon public credulity to

the tune of many thousands, with which he keeps his carriage, has built ——house, and given to young G—— an expensive education.

There is one very great advantage in his medicine; for a man may take physic and take snuff at the *same time*, which, when a man is *put to a pinch*, must be a double benefit; and as the doctor's pockets are filled with that article, and his person covered therewith, he can amalgamate it with the other valuable compounds which enter into this powerful nostrum.

The doctor's written compositions are not quite so *delicate* as the ——; but the little Jew is well aware that the interest which they create, the information they convey, and the *desire* which

they promote of making use of his remedies, bring still more money than the drug itself, though set off by such numerous cures performed.

At the demise of his late wife, he became anxious to administer his —— to a strapping cook maid who had served him for many years, and the dose operated most felicitously; the doctor's flame was so ardent that cookey could not resist it; it was out of the *frying-pan into the fire*; so Mrs. Cook was transferred out of the kitchen into the doctor's carriage, and now has the honour to belong to the tribe of ——.

We must conclude by observing, that the Guide to —— is a very dangerous child's guide: it has often guided

an innocent patient first into *not* a very innocent place ; and thence has guided him into the doctor's hands. It has taught some very comical lessons to the youth of both sexes, while the elderly gentlemen who have been *misguided* by the doctor, have, after many fruitless trials of the *sovereign* remedy, with views better imagined than described, found in the very language of SOLOMON,

That all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

MR. TRY-ALL.

Mr. T——, the lecturer, whose principles have been so widely disseminated, who has excited so much jealousy and suspicion, and whose lectures were at one time received with so

much avidity, but who is now growing out of fashion even with the hyper republicans, is a man of low origin, humble education, vasculating in principles, and political opinions.

He rose from a silkworm, we mean silk mercer, in the purlieus of Covent Garden. He was taught and beat, of both of which he complains, by a *day-school flaybottomist*, Mr. D——, in H——t Street, Covent Garden. He was removed to another arguer *a posteriori*, in that genteel place St. Martin's Lane; and from thence took his first *elevation* at *Highgate Hill*.

Here, he says, he was an idle boy; for "he lost his time," and he had nothing else to lose; but he became ambitious, and he directed his *views* to

historical painting, which his father destined him for. These *same views* were, however, narrowed by circumscribed circumstances, and narrower-hearted relations ; and, from the *canvas* of painters he *canvassed* for a situation, not as a *scene painter*, but as a *painter* of scenes in life, commonly called an actor. Mr. C——, however, did not think so highly of him ; and he *brushed* him off his list. Thus was young T——'s desire of being *heard*, for the first time, checked.

He next *took a measure* far below his former ideas ; and literally *took measures*, and overcast button-holes on a tailor's shop-board. Here, strange to tell ! he read plays whilst he seated breeches ; and fell in love with the

Iliad whilst heating his goose ! Versatility being his constant *habit*, he changed his mind whilst turning a coat, and told his master that his trade was not *fit* for him. Here Snip, like Mr. C——, informed him that he could do without him ; and Mr. T. was allowed to depart.

He once more *turned* his mind to *drawing pictures*; and waited on Mr. West, who had no use for his talents, and advised him to *withdraw*.

The tailor still *sticking to his skirts*, he directed his mind from a *suit* of clothes to a *suit* in Chancery, and he thought that the bar would be benefitted by his exertions. Three years and a half of unprofitable studies convinced him to the contrary ; and he left the

law, as he had left school, grumbling and disappointed. No effort was made to retain him in his attorney's office; and the law went on, as the making and mending trade, the colouring and varnishing, the acting and silk mercery, did, perfectly well without citizen T—.

He now thought of *clothing* his sentiments in a *new dress*; for the shop-board was never out of his head, and he *turned* poet; and from poet he *turned* politician: a great stretch—a strong *measure*; but which suited him best (he thought), and he talked largely, and leant at first to ministry; but ministry, again, did vastly well without him; and being no object to *that* party, he *turned* again.

He now thought that *seats* in parliament *lasted* too long, and that the constitution wanted *mending*; that royal prerogative should be *taken in*, and popular freedom should be *let out*. This circumstance *joined* him to the friends of the people; and he gave his political lectures in that respectable place the Borough, where a row was kicked up, and citizen T——'s *lights and candles* were extinguished together by police officers.

He conducted the —— for fourteen days, and was dismissed from that office, it being allowed that the paper has gone on better since the proprietors *cut* the connection as speedily as the police-officers *cut the thread* of his discourse in the Borough.

He then became an itinerant preacher of politics ; and he sowed dissension amongst the people ; he then turned farmer, and sowed oats ; but neither thrived. The *politics* of the *country* and the *landed interest* derived no benefit from his toils, any more than the tailor did when he read and sewed on his shopboard.

Lastly, Mr. T. gives lectures on elocution ; but here, it would be natural to suppose, that his versatility, and want of application, must render his subjects as uninteresting as his remarks are *thread-bare*. If his *measures* as a *tailor*, his *colouring* as a *painter*, his *attempts* as an *actor*, his *studies* as a *lawyer*, his *declamations* as a *politician*, and his *journies* as an *itinerant*, have *uniformly*

failed, what is to be expected from his eloquence?—useless *measures*, over-*high colouring*, *overacting*, law *quirks*, *changing politics*, and *vagabond* principles!

MISS TRIGGER.

What an escape has a certain captain of the Guards had in not entering into the holy state of matrimony with this lady! A warlike wife is what few men would wish to venture on; and this modern Bellona has shewn such a disposition for combat, that there is little doubt but that he would have been *over-matched* had an alliance taken place betwixt them; and had he inlisted under her banner as her knight of the *lance*, he would not have had it all his own way; for his fair bride would have

claimed pre-eminence as the *lady of the trigger*.

The fact is, that the lady's *reported* large fortune was the captain's *mark*; and the match *went off* when superior beauty entered the lists. It is not generally known, but not less true, that the *high spirit* of Miss T. also a little alarmed the *beau militaire*; and that, previous to his taking so decided a step as to provoke his rival to single combat, he did not discover any thing so soft and feminine as a wife elect should have. It is only astonishing that she did not prefer calling out her *inconstant*, who could, merely from the impression of *one* night at a ball, so suddenly change his mind. Young men must in future be cautious whom they propose

to, or even whom they pay marked attentions to, for fear of being challenged by the object of their admiration, in case their love is not strong enough to decide them on entering into a matrimonial engagement.

It has long been a custom, in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, for a brother or father, who was anxious to get his sister or his daughter off, to watch the attentions of a single man, generally of fortune; and to ask if his *marked* civilities were of a serious nature, as he could not have his dear sister or daughter's affections tampered with, nor her reputation injured by such conduct. In the event of the party's not being uxoriously inclined, a challenge is the choice offered; so that

a man, for merely dancing with a young lady, and saying a few polite things to her, may be provided with a *ball* partner of another description the next day; and for *engaging* a lady to dance two dances running, may *be engaged* in a duel, by which limb or life may be lost.

The Lavaterian study will become now more necessary than ever; nay, Craniology will be requisite in the choice of a wife, or even of a flirt; and if there be much fire and decision in the countenance, or, above all, if she have the organ of *destructiveness* very marked on her *cranium*, let the lover beware—he is not safe.

N. B. For the county Galway and Roscommon practices, the late Sir J.

L—— and Lord E—— could vouch: they, however, got handsome and gay wives, which sweetened coercion in a great measure. The former county, since the affair of Mrs. B., will be the terror of lovers and of husbands.

MR. PROMISSORY.

We have long and often heard of *objects* of love: now-a-days they are OBJECTS indeed, one party generally being old and ugly. Our matrons, with large families, are all going to the devil with beardless boys; while grey-bearded *sexagenaires* are attacking the youthful misses of boarding-schools, or eloping with their young pupils, their

neighbours' or relations' daughters, who are left with them as confidentially and unsuspectingly, as their guardians or parents would leave them by the fire-side in the society of an invalid pointer or a grisly-whiskered tabby tom-cat.

Cousins have long been found dangerous inmates, and have cozened their relations out of their honours and reputations; but *now* uncles are becoming very unsafe; nay, grandfathers and grandmothers are not much to be depended on. Cupid, it would seem, is a little tinged with Buonaparteism, and has made himself a self-elected emperor, instead of a simple sovereign, as in days of yore; and to gratify his ambition, and glut his desire of conquest with victims of every kind, he has

raised a *love conscription*, in which neither age nor sex is spared.

Mr. P——— ought never to forgive the tyrant for pitching upon him for *one of his light* troops, and for making him so ridiculous by the *loose fish* which he presented (probably an *emblem of his love*) to his sweetheart's papa!!! Was it a *maid*? or a *carp*? a gudgeon or a crab? alas! we forget; but *all was fish which came to papa's dish*, and perchance to miss's also; *likewise* we ought to have said, for the fair *angler*, who thus got a *nibble* in the *line* of matrimony, seems to have been pretty crafty, though not very nice in what might have been caught in her *n. t.* Her brother sportsman was no bad hand neither at throw-

ing the rod, and catching something *by hook or by crook*. But poor Mr. P——! what a *troller*! what a *trout tickler*! what a *poor bait*! a *pretty May fly*! Poor gentleman! how mad he must be, to pay three hundred pounds sterling in hard cash for a *nibble!!!*

Little did he, honest country gentleman, think, when he was going to *court*, and giving holland shifts or linen gowns, (we forget which) that he was on the road to a *court* of law, and that a *frock* or *petticoat* would *swell* into a *suit*, with a *trimming* of damages, and *doubled* with exposure and defeat. The *plain* (very much so) country gentleman, whom we know, and whom we never should have suspected of any thing further than *chucking a chamber-maid un-*

der the chin, or of slipping a half-crown into a pretty barmaid's hand, with a sly leer, expressive *temporis acti*! What an exposure! our heart bleeds for him.

But we cannot quite acquit the fair *suitress*, whose *suit* has prevailed in *one court*, although thrown out in *another*. There was something very *taking*, very *sly*, in all this: she was not merely *fishing for compliments*, nor was poor P—— merely *paying compliments*; for he was dealing in *metal more attractive*, as he has *since* found to his *cost*, although his lawyer, doubtless, has a *high* respect for him.

Whilst this honest gentleman is, doubtless, "Sitting like Patience in a punt, smiling at grief," (such is the angler's fate often, who loses his time

and his fish together) there are two pieces of advice which we beg to offer him. The one is what the French say of an aged lover—we do not exactly mean the *very old animal*, who, like the horse, has no longer the *mark in his mouth*, being perhaps wholly *toothless*, but of the *green naughty old man*, that *looks wicked at the maidens*: the saying is as follows:—*Un vielliard fait quatre fois plus de folie en amour, qu'un jeune homme, parce qu'il n'a pas de tems à perdre*;—the second is, what he will hear every day in the street, and which may prevent him from *driving on* in this foolish way—it is no more than *Gently, Jervy!*

MRS. KNELLY.

Intrigues, elopements, and crim. cons. are now become of all ages and of all classes of life, and may be looked for *now* as generally in the bourgeois of eighteen, as in the varnished countess of eight-and-twenty. Mrs. Knelly, for instance, married to her *true love* against the consent of relations and friends, (which always renders the thing more interesting to the lady) on a journey too, where her husband was to be enrolled amongst the *seisers*, (though not the Cæzars) begins a contraband trade with a travelling *money-dealer*, i. e. one who dealt his brethren's money to himself, and, taking leave of *old customs* and custom-house men, elopes with the

acquaintance of a few hours, and the companion of a few miles.

This her adopted *partner* too, although in humble life, was quite up to the mode and style of run-away matches; for he ordered a chaise-and-four, for this *second elopement*, whereas a stage-coach sufficed for his *first* escape. The paramour (Mr. —) though a *builder* by trade, seems to have *built* his hopes on but a poor foundation, and, by this amorous *plan*, has brought *an old house upon his back*. The fair fugitive, at the same time, had better *not have meddled with brick and mortar*, as it seems that she has not got a husband *either way*; and that she stands a great chance of being discarded with disgrace by the one, and of *raising the other* far above

his hopes at the commencement of the short courtship; for he doubtless would have escaped from the hands of justice had he not fallen into the arms of love, and would have safely arrived in the United States, there to join so many of his worthy countrymen thus escaped, and so many excellent descendants of felonious extraction, settled and identified with that land of freedom (where all make free one way or another), had he not contemplated another united state, which has turned out rather infelicitously.

We apprehend that Mr. —— gently returning Mr. K—— his piece of goods untouched and undamaged will not produce the desired effect; but it is a fine precedent for future transac-

tions of this nature; as Mrs. Knelly, so highly accomplished, and only eighteen, and of quiet and rural habits in the retired town of S——, is a rare example for the women of Kent, who may, in time, show as much county spirit as the men of Murcia formerly did of boldness and intrepidity on far different occasions.

MR. CRAZY.

Here is another poet of the lakest and another apostate! a man of infinite genius, but in whose brain there must be many cobwebs, which disfigure the other valuable furniture, and create the same sort of confusion, which we often behold in slovenly and disorderly authors, whose books, manuscripts, maps,

globes, letters, snuff, pipe and tobacco, are all mixed up together, and covered with the spider's web from one end to the other.

In his outset in the journey of life, when his head was clearest (mind we do not say quite clear), he was enebriated with the Godwinean system: that very able, but erroneous author, had captivated his mind, as he did those of many others; and his state of perfection and government of equality appeared so fixed in his heart and imagination, that the poet proposed setting out with a knot of juvenile hot-headed philanthropists, for the deserts of Africa or America, to realise those broad views of liberty and equality; views which carry a young man or woman a great way,

having nothing circumscribed or confined in them—no more limits to action than to thought, an expanded heart and uncontrolled spirit—a perfect common possession, and unrestrained participation in the good things of nature, and of man's common inheritance—the globe.

With these extensive views and unrestrained ideas, it was not to be expected that this worthy would afterwards sermonize. But there must be something very changeable in the climate of the lakes, since so many who have sojourned among its romantic and diversified scenery have changed their views, varied the scene, veered about with every wind that blows, and, after being romantically independent, have suffered

themselves to be carried down the stream of power, and to ebb and flow in their principles with the tide of interest.

Accordingly, this poetical apostate pretended that rhyme must give way to reason, and that the poetic lyre is best attuned to the tune of so much per annum, in the shape of place, pension, newspaper, present, or patronage, and always most in tune when it accords with ministerial notes.

He next gives a lift to the Courier, rats, like his neighbours in high life, and writes confused homilies, which, so far from treating mankind in the pot-luck style of the equality of his former years, he classifies for the different orders—patricians or statesmen, and higher ranks, the middle class or bourgeois, and the

plebeians his quondam friends, brethren and equals, but whom now, by an improved code, he has kicked out of his family as weak brothers, or, perhaps, upon the aristocratical system of sacred right and legitimacy.

In the days of his primitive simplicity and wordy benevolence, he was devoted to the muses, to philosophy, to metaphysics, and to friendship; and, yielding to these studies and feelings, he named one of his sons H—— and the other B——. But now how changed! He goes about with “The Statesman’s Manual” in his pocket, and a quantity of brandy in his head, (for man needs spirituous as well as spiritual comfort to keep his devotion warm). His philosophy he has changed with the

notes of his lyre, or perhaps with the change of a note of Henry Hase's; his friendship he has accommodated to his politics, and his devotion to the muses depends, like his sermonizing devotion, on circumstances, politics, party and brandy, the latter of which gives the only spirit which now appears in him—muddy, obscure, dubious, confused, bloated and debilitated as he at present is.

But how can a man expect to stand who has no fixed and firm principle to support him; or how can a muse trip lightly through the mazes of fancy, obnubilated with achohol, and afflicted with podagra? We may, therefore, expect some very curious *feet* in his next metre.

MAJOR DEMAGOGUE.

Major D—— has one very high quality, which sets him at the head of the reformists: it is that of literally having grown grey in the service. He has another, which is that of not having changed his note (we do not mean a bank note, but a much less sterling commodity) for these thirty years, during which period he has, like a poll-parrot in a cage, bawled out boldly, audibly, and with equal sameness, Reform! Reform! Reform! For this exertion of lungs, more than of intellect, he has gained the *nom de guerre*, or nick-name of the Nestor of Reformers.

It does not seem to be quite clear what reform the major wants, or whe-

ther no form at all would not suit his views best; for he has never altered his virulence against ministers, his popular denunciations of bribery and corruption, of pluralists and sinecurists, of fat clergymen, and overgrown benefices, the weight of taxes, the public burthens, and all the concatenation of miseries which democrats detail to the unfortunate mob, since that experimental revolution in France, so admired by the major, and which has done so much for the happiness of that infatuated and deluded nation. If, therefore, he be of the same opinion as he was when he held out the same language, it is natural to suppose that the same scenes and the same results are not hostile to his political views.

But the fact is, that the *desire de parler*, the love of being heard, the ambition for popularity, and the delight of grumbling and complaining, are enjoyments too essential to these characters to allow them ever to be satisfied with any form of government, or to believe that it can exist in perfection without the aid of their improving, pruning, or even levelling hand. Did John Bull know with what composure the major, the baronet demagogue, and the orator who *hunts* for scrapes and adventures, retire from the populous meetings, how they glory in seeing John Bull discontented and rebellious, and how coolly they drink their wine without lending a hand to lighten the poor devils in the way of public charity or private bene-

volence, a great deal of that popular and unmerited consequence would be lost.

However, the man who suffers is thus deluded, and is nearly as well pleased with him who tells him his miseries as he would be with him who should relieve them, but should preach patience, obedience to the laws, subordination and temperance. These last ingredients mix up very unpalatably in a Palace-yard meeting; where intemperance, rising remonstrance, and strong measures, both of gin and politics, form the order of the day; and the pot-luck which the mob expects to get at this patriotic ordinary.

A Frenchman, who was present at one of these meetings, made a very just remark on the major, with which we shall

conclude. Being asked by a democratic countryman, long settled in London, *N'est ce pas qu'il parle fort bien?* His answer was—*Non, mais il parle bien fort.*

MRS. DELAUNY.

This is another striking example of the felicities of matrimony; of the delightful perspective which a young *benedict* enjoys, with *reasonable* hope of realization, when he marries a sentimental young lady for love, and when he domesticates and rusticates in the romantic retirements of lake, sea-coast, or mountain scenery in the wilds of Scotland, or in the picturesque tranquillity of Cambria's cliffs. How lovely

it is to contemplate the sea-beaten shore, to overhang the abrupt precipice, to mark the distant mountain lost in bluish tint in the golden horizon at departing day; but, above all, to wander quite unseen, by the pale moon-light, to behold the crescent (happy omen for a husband!) towering above the *jealous* cloud, and shining in refulgence over the wedded pair! What a happy moment to make vows, by that changeful planet, and to keep them in degrees commensurate with her increase, plenitude, declension, and obscurity! faithful pictures of faithless woman's love!!!

This is a further proof of the fashion into which *elderly* gentlemen have crept, from the ignorance, stupidity, infidelity, and false security of *younger* gentlemen.

But what is most edifying is, the effect of NOVELS on the female mind; of those novels which, departing from real life, from that salutary principle of painting virtue as triumphant, and vice as ever bearing its own punishment in its breast, gilds errors, glosses vices, varnishes illicit passions, and embellishes amiable failings in such a way as to make virtue constraintive and vice commodious, morality straight-laced, and voluptuousness bursting through the golden zone of inviting enchantments.

Mrs. D—— had seen enough of long walks, and sombre retirement, of domestic economy, and of frugal meals; of regular hours, and still more regular habits, of the lawn, and the landscape, of the husband and of the fire-

side; and she was left to muse on these *tame* enjoyments, these monotonous lectures, and these repeated samenesses of wedded life. She longed to deviate from the beaten path, from the vulgar walk of every married pair; and in her listlessness, Captain ——, a middle-aged, well-bred gentleman, who had kept good company, and who *knew the world*, stepped in, lent her novels, and accomplished the tottering self-devoted conquest of her honour.

When elderly gentlemen lodge with sentimental wives who read novels, and whose fond partners are absent, then husbands beware; and if a pimple appear on your forehead, touch it not too much, for fear that the inflammation may *rise*.

MR. LECTURE.

Here is an *examiner*, who it is fair to examine in our turn. We are indebted to him for the round ——, which is considered by many more like a *round robin*. The morality of its sentiments, and its display of principle, are not, however, exactly like the Examiner himself; nor do we suppose that he *hunted* them up from his brother editor; but to *say* is one thing, and to *do* is another. This gentleman accordingly has a strange method of *disseminating* morality, and of *propagating* his principles.

With this end in view, whilst visiting his friends C—— and W—— at the Cumberland lakes, his extended views for

the interest of the republic induced him to *propagate* something which was more material and substantial than his arguments are in general, and which furnished a solid incontrovertible proof of his *popularity*; but which, however, though destined for the benefit of the rising generation, and perhaps with the object of making him known to posterity, unfortunately gave offence to the ———, deprived his friends of his company, and caused him to retreat over the mountains one morning; thus taking *French leave*, producing a blank in society, and leaving the *Lady of the Lake* to lament the *Knight of the Round Table*, as also the *night or day* on which they became acquainted.

With equal purity of mind and pa-

triotic principle, this Examiner goes down to the office *Bacchi plenus*, and, convinced that *in vino veritas*, sits down and dashes off the most florid but intemperate political doctrines, thinking, perhaps, that he who is a friend to the *publican* must also be a friend to the *republican*, whose interest he has at heart. This will fully account for the *spirited* writing of this jacobinical paper, for the fervid flow of popular oratory, for the unsteady ill-balanced opinions contained therein, and for his seeing double the calamities of the people.

What a fine *state!* and what a proper time is this for talking of the excesses of ministers, of the injury of the constitution, of the vices of the age, of the wise and sober measures to be adopted,

and of the general necessity for retrenchment and reform. Full of the subject, and of the liquor imbibed, and pleased with the liberty of the press, this free-thinking patriot returns home, persuaded that John Bull will swallow all his rhetoric. He then examines his cellar with *partial* eye also, and doubles his political views by an additional bottle; thus drowning his own cares and those of the people at the same time.

What a rare conductor of the judgement of the people! what a *clear* and perspicuous foresight he must have! how implicitly may the nation depend on his support!—Rather ought we not to say that this is indeed—the blind leading the blind.

CAPTAIN C———,

A gay young reprobate from twenty to twenty-five, is now no longer dangerous; nor does the blaze of houses and of equipages, or of splendid presents and a profusion of gold, dazzle the eyes or seduce the mind of the soft and sentimental erring fair. These butterflies only buz about the middle-aged declining dames, or purchase hearts by the weight of gold or gems. These army rattles, or unfledged college birds, are very much avoided and dreaded by the cautious, but not less amorous frail one. Their want of mind and indiscretion alarms the warm sensitive female; and all their conquests are confined to sun-flower beauties, milliners, and dress-makers,

long established, young ladies of the *child-bed linen warehouse*; or in the fancy line, which is not always the line of prudence, or to their sister's governesses, or to maiden aunts' waiting women.

Elderly gentlemen who have seen *foreign parts*, and who know *what's what*, who understand *how to treat a woman*, and to *respect* her situation.—these are the Philanders of the day—these the grave bearers-off of the prize in gallantry. The poorer these seducers are, often, the more welcome to the fanciful and pensive mistress. The half-pay, for instance, is a fine list to take a quiet, attentive, safe, and assiduous lover from. Such paramours are less prone to stray than brain-

less boys and extravagant noblemen, who can get every thing by the purse, and *qui ne se refusent rien*. Such amphibious in general prepare the feast, and make the *bed of roses* for their frugal rivals.

Paddy, whose powers and whose *promises* exceed almost any man's, is now going out of vogue, being mostly confined to the dowager train, where there is "all for love, and a little for the bottle;" whilst northern Sandy is coming into fashion apace, because he is *vara discreet*, and a church-going man, which is a thick veil for intrigue now-a-days. He will never go astray from the lady who bestows her hand on another, and her heart on him; because, first of all, he is *vara grateful* for favours re-

ceived, and next (strongest reason of all) these wanderings of the heart are, like the travelling of the body, *vara expensive*, and *subjec* to *mauny* accidents. Besides, Sandy includes a little *cupboard love* in the detail of his sentiments.

Nothing can be a more undeniable proof of the truth of this statement than the trials of Mrs. K—— and Mrs. D——. In both instances the lovers were *nice, attentive fatherly men*. Mrs. D—— too preferred the half-pay captain C——n to her husband, whose nick-name was the Turk!!! But then, “*dearest Johnny*” was so hum-drum, such a sameness in him, and he had no taste for novels, whereas the bold captain read nothing else; and he was a walking romance of sentiment, which

is perfectly irresistible to tender and changing wives.

We have heard lately of a gentleman of seventy being tried for a —! We know a baronet of sixty-five who has his twenty-fifth mistress and a very young family, vegetating with him in the shade of altered fortune, not to count three wives whom he has been lucky enough to see out; and we also know a sister-in-law who has flown from a young husband to the *protection* of a *sexaginaire* lord, her brother-in-law. When, however, this is called SEDUCTION on the part of the male, we must receive the charge *cum grano salis*.

MR. DORMITOR.

The Fleet and King's Bench are now become places of most fashionable resort; and the term *ruler* is now as common and as creditable as that of governor, or even as the consular dignity. Mr. G., who was always fond of fashionable life, has, in consequence, taken up his abode in the former, after vapouring a little while on the French coast:—but there is no *whitewashing* there. Moreover, his fat rib was too weighty a matter to give up.

An honourable Mrs. ——— is a great addition to a man's consequence; and, indeed, we do not know any title which Mr. D. would have to be a man of fashion, but for having been a member

of the four-horse club, and for the notoriety of his kind and liberal wife, who is not a bit the worse in the husband's eye for having been previously divorced for crim. con. What though the good lady chose to *cut* her first husband! surely that is nothing where there is *cut and come again* in such matrimonial and substantial fare as she exhibits.

Then to have a lord for a brother-in-law is something to be considered. It was idly proposed to subject emigrants from Great Britain to an absentee tax: this was proposed on a very erroneous calculation; for tradesmen actually gain by the absence of many of their customers, as there is a diminution of *tick*, and a future, distant, and uncertain hope of payment arising from their absence,

which a return and an insolvent act would overturn for ever. Upon this principle Mr. D——'s creditors would, doubtless, give him a pass, but he has preferred closing with them in another way.

The prisons of France are now full of baronets and commoners from England, who long were a *credit* to their country, but who find no mercy from French tradesmen; *par example*, the antiattrition baronet, and a certain *titled* Greek scholar, bear testimony of the truth hereof; and Mr. D. might well be frightened out of a year's growth, when he looked round him and saw the fate of his countrymen; for it is an undeniable truth, that he who has been extravagant at home will never be prudent abroad; so

that the only way of escaping a French prison, with an unlimited term of confinement, is voluntarily to submit to limited abridgment of liberty at home.

Wherefore Mr. D. has shewn both judgment and taste in coming back to friends, *out of whose books* he will never be, and of flying to the arms of his faithful folio of a wife, who must be a *great* comfort to him under his present circumstances.

MRS. GOLDFINCH.

Every day something encouraging and consoling, respecting the marriage state, occurs. We have crim. cons. in the peerage; crim. cons. in army and navy,—indeed, scarcely a crim. con.

takes place without the assistance of the one and the other: crim. cons. on the turf; crim. cons. in the landholders of the country, the county of Galway to wit; and crim. cons. in the monied interest of the country, Mr. Goldfinch and Jack B—— to wit.

We have also (going lower) tailors' sons, (one of the *duns*) japanners' sons, (a face of *clay*) distillers, gentlemen of *good* and *bad hues*, *leaders* and *drivers* of all sorts of trades, in short, trade, profession, agriculture, banker, army, navy, and peerage, all partake of the taste of the times;—and how matches increase and multiply with every full moon we are at a loss to guess.

In the case of Mrs. G—— we find every sacred tie unloosed: but Jack

B——, the amateur, could, if he would, have stated that Mrs. G. was a notorious flirt, and generally had two military supporters in her public promenades, one perhaps only in her private ones.

Canterbury tales are so little credited, that it is not a wonder that Londoners were surprised at this affair; but the good folks of Canterbury are not so in the least; nor should the banker, with all the proxy eloquence of his counsel, be so much surprised either.

It is unfortunate for the naval knight, that *stains* should attach to a noble profession, to a man who has deserved well of his country, and to one who now may be said to carry his blushing honours to the grave. The red ribband is here, un-

luckily, too figurative; and what *under the rose* needed concealment might have passed unblushingly in the *order of the garter*; but, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, an exposure would make Graces, Most Honourables, and Right Honourables look very *blue*, who see all things at present *en couleur de rose*.

A very useful hint to take is, the agency of sisters, the family concerns of houses, and ever to beware of “my gentle coz.” Mrs. C—— knows a thing or two also; and the junta against the bank is not quite charitable.

Poor Mrs. G——! she was *too* much in the banking system. Force of habit, poor good lady! the *co-partnership*, the *common concern*, the *joint* interest of the house, the *accepting* plan promoting the

circulation accommodation *notes*, general credit, et cetera, et cetera, have set the poor lady all wrong. Then Jack B—— against her! *et tu Brute!* and her husband, who let her flirt with the army, coming it so severely upon the navy, and in a *family* transaction! Mrs. C—— so starched, and Mrs. S—— so malignant! what could withstand such weight of metal?

In spite of all flowery pleadings; in spite of all Canterbury tales, it must be allowed that the K. C. B. should have stood out to sea, and not have run upon the rocks as he has done. Upon the whole, K. C. B. is as much to be pitied as the B——.

MR. BLITHE.

It is uncommonly interesting to the two Universities, and particularly to that of Oxford, to know this *handy* fellow,—to be informed that the bliss-full family, to which this proud tradesman belongs, is more ancient than the S——'s, and probably, according to the bookseller's account, than the Bourbons and the Guelphs; and it is equally necessary to learn, that if a man be only a Montmorency, a Percy, or a Howard, the vender of paper may take him *to book*, and assert his pre-eminence, so as to justify and enforce any charge which he may please to make to his inferiors, i. e. to his customers.

Men of letters, who from misfortune,

or mistake, may enter his shop, must keep the *lettièr of the law* in view, else Mr. B—— may assert *la loi du plus fort*, or, in other words, *might* against *right*. It is quite new, we must allow, to be sent from a stationer's or bookseller's shop to read the History of England, in order to ascertain whether the man who you fancy has overcharged you for a hundred of pens, or a quire of paper, is of such a noble stock that his honour may be as good as his oath, and that *ergo*, no man must gainsay respecting his correctness, or his *ipse dixit*.

The testimony of a stamp receipt being thus invalidated is equally novel both in law and in equity; but it has had the advantage of stamping Mr. B——'s

character, and of opening the eyes of customers, although he seemed to wish to close those of Mr. S——, who, from not being like the bookseller, a veteran in the pugilistic art, appeared a fit subject to *palm* the antiquity of his name upon, and to *blind* as to the state of his account. This however was not a true bill ; and probably if Mr. B—— was to publish his family history, it might in the same manner not be a true story.

Should, however, this self-ennobled ambitious man, by any mistake, or accident, or by an address, (more than he has presented in the present case) come to be knighted, he will not want arms or supporters, since his own appear strong enough to support him

through right and wrong, and even are powerful enough to produce a counter-revolution in the trade.

As, however, he may not be provided with a motto suited to the dignity of his house, and sufficiently explanatory of his name, we would suggest the following, which would furnish what the French call *des armes parlantes* :—it is briefly this :

“ Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”

At the same time, should he shut up his shop, and set up for gentleman, he ought to avoid one part of the pugilistic art, namely, fibbing; and if he thinks that fool's-cap would suit his dignity as a crest, the cap doubtless will fit him, and—he may wear it.

MRS. B——.

In this case of criminal conversation, there are shades which we do not find in the (almost daily) cases which come to public view. We see on the part of the paramour a systematic seduction, and a long series of very imprudent and ill-concealed attentions, which seemed to have for view the accomplishment of the seducer's wishes, and the establishment of his triumph, without any regard to the observing eye, the whispered tale, or the pointed finger of observation and detraction.

A man of feeling, in the wanderings of his heart and mind, nay even in the gratification and indulgence of his *penchant* and passion, is regardful of de-

corum and public opinion ; and he endeavours to make the object of his choice stand as high in society as she is towering and omnipotent in his affections: but such is not the conduct of the cold and selfish seducer, whose gratification is self-enjoyment, whose supremest satisfaction very often is publicity, if unaccompanied by legal damages—that winked at notoriety, which leaves no doubt of the *status quo* of the lady's feelings, and of her lord's disgrace, but still has not arrived at such an unconditional exposure as to involve the frail fair in ruin, and her guilty paramour in expense ; and it is on this rock that vice and vanity, entwined in one embrace, in general are wrecked, for vanity outstrips passion, and exposure is the consequence.

A good-natured man, could feel for poor lost, penitent Mrs. B——, unfaithful to her first mate, unsatisfied, and unsafe with her adopted one. We also lament to see the daughters of the clergy strumming on piano-fortes, and accompanying themselves, doubtless, in *Anacreon Moore's* airs, until they draw the libertine to their side, whose warm and wanton breath fans the flame, which music, poetry, fancy, human frailty and romance, have so powerfully lit up in their system. Mr. C.—— will here have a salutary lesson, as to what married ladies he takes into his house upon a short acquaintance; and will, it is to be hoped, learn from the consumption of the ale and supper viands the extent of his guest's appetites. This subject

is very interesting to country gentlemen in general, and to the clergy in particular, as there may not be that security ordinarily felt by mankind, that these gentlemen's children are trained up in the way they should go.

It is impossible to dismiss this subject without high reprobation of the namby pamby Mr. L., who left the social circle to betray a friend, and who could unblushingly temporize and negotiate with the man whom he had dishonoured. His *tame* letters to his victim are farther proofs of his baseness; and although *it is a long lane which has no turn*, yet no hope can be entertained of any turn toward good in this maukish, tepid, and self-sufficient seducer. The law, it

seems; is to have its course; and we congratulate the injured husband, and the *shale-boned* seducer, that no particular degree of fiery or revengeful sentiment has inhabited the bosom of this additional *Knight of the Crescent*.

MR. CROOKED.

This gentleman, who, it may be recollected, was Mrs. B——'s paramour, pleads against his indictment a writ of *error*. The *suit* which he preferred to the fair lady in question was founded on an *error* in judgment, and an ignorance of law and *equity*. The common forms of going to court were well known to him; he was even a little hacknied

in them ; but his practice afterwards he was not at all skilled in.

He had perhaps been informed that a b——s and a freeman were synonymous terms ; and, arguing hypothetically, he took it for granted that Mrs. B——s was a free woman ; nay, he found her practically so. He himself, poor whining, sighing, simpering swain ! he was a deserted Damon in want of a Philida : he was a disappointed lover ; and, by making Mr. B. a deserted husband and a disappointed man, he was only just treating his neighbour as himself.

Poor youth ! he liked also a tune upon the harpsichord ; and Mrs. B. excelled in the piano and fortè of a sonata : she knew how to touch the chord which

vibrated in unison with his feelings; and, for that reason, he never dreamed how he exposed the lady by making himself so particular with her, and by sporting the accompaniment of his person at the family instrument in a friend's house.

Lastly, when he and his elegant *amante* came down stairs, like damask roses over blown—sweet, unsuspecting couple! and all in a *flurry*, as so ably described on the *trial*, sat down to supper upon one chair, discovering their *penchant*, by leaning against one another, Mr. C—— never thought that whilst devouring cold meat with such rapacity, and quaffing stout ale with such thirst, he should be accused of being a man of ungoverned appetite,

when he thought only to pass for a man of taste.

So little did he also foresee the serious turn which his amusements would take, that he insipidly and lispingly went to his injured friend to see what could be done for Mrs. B. in that quarter, and was so little versed in affairs of gallantry, that he even betrayed his loose habits, by coming in *robe de chambre* to pay a one or a two pound note to Mr. B——, who was, however, too well versed in the banking line to give him credit for striking the balance for what he owed this *sleeping* partner in this way, and who could not take the notes for sterling tokens of his honesty or principle: he well saw that there was a deeper interest taken in his concerns; upon which he acted accordingly.

Mr C——'s *talens de plaire* do not seem to have been great enough to diminish a sincerely-felt remorse for the guilt of the lady's conduct, or to offer any alleviation to her sufferings; nor has insipid Mr. C. shewn any of the *Orlando Furioso* love, ready to make all possible restitution. We are willing to think that the lady's penitence is genuine, and feel for her accordingly. As for Mr. C. there is but very little hope, and that merely grounded on the stale proverb, which we will here repeat, "it is a long lane that has no turn."

MR. E——.

A trial for a breach of promise of marriage has brought this (gentleman we were going to say) man (we should say) into notice; and the plea for breaking so

solemn engagement is being silly, foolish, and wrong ; So, at least, says his counsel. This notoriety, however, does not suffice, nor does it do him justice : he ought to appear in a very different point of view to society, and should be held up as a beacon to interesting, however frail or credulous, woman, just as the skeleton of a murderer is gibbeted *in terrorem*, to warn the unwary traveller of the dangers of a lone, nocturnal journey, and to deter another culprit from plunging into so deep a dye of guilt.

In the case of the *easy*, gay deceiver, Mr. E., *common* seduction is not alone his part. The slippery path of dishonour is not too rashly ventured upon. The wretched female is, for an unguard-

ed moment of partiality and misplaced confidence, not only robbed of her reputation, displaced from her fair inheritance in society, dispossessed of the consideration which she previously enjoyed, but she is made the laughing-stock of a wicked ninny, which, like the ass kicking the sick lion, must be a sort of double death : she is *loaded* in more ways than one with painful and public exposure, and after being amused with the ideotic tales of his horses being at grass, or that his small-clothes were too tight, or the weather too bad, or similar trash, she is insulted by being told *to swear her child!!!*

She will then, she is informed, be treated like a prostitute, whose casual embrace has fixed an *uncertain* claim on

a loose man, who may or may not be the father of the embryo unfortunate; or as a half-brought up menial servant, whose morals have still been less attended to than her education, whose virtue has sunk in the scale, overweighed by hope, trust, love, error, and inferiority, and who, ungenerously, on these accounts, is dealt with like a weak and subdued victim, just left enough to keep life in her during the awful period of becoming a mother, and has just such a portion allotted to the unborn sufferer as to keep it from starvation. Two guineas for a lying-in, and half-a-crown a week for seven years!!! Gracious powers! can any thing be more monstrous? from a man, too, in easy circumstances,

and who had promised marriage to the object of his seduction.

Independent of the utility arising to humanity of holding up Mr. E—— as an example, there is another bearing in the cause most useful to be contemplated by defenceless, unprotected woman. It is that (according to Serjeant V——'s plan) an injured woman now becomes like a horse, or an ass, or a piece of household stuff; and the violation of the laws of honour towards her has accordingly its price, in proportion to her age, appearance, and attractions. A very handsome woman, for instance, might expect that the man to whom she owed her ruin might offer her four guineas for her accouchement,

and five shillings per week for seven years, provided, always, that she went through the exposure of swearing her child, and that there were a living evidence of a mother's weakness and of a father's turpitude.

It would, however, be impossible to have an idea of this without reading the speech made on the occasion, which will require no comment.

COLONEL M——.

Here is a *militaire*, who has appeared too late upon the scene, and who has mistaken his employer, and the nature of his service. The predatory plan, the war of aggression, and this provisionally seizing of persons, and destroying of

property, would admirably have suited the ex-emperor *Napoladron* (as the Spaniards nick-named him). This invasion of territory, and this secret and prompt execution of military plans, are worthy of the warlike deeds and days, and of the temper of mind and policy of that tyrant.

Had Colonel M—— served under him, and performed these *coups de main*, dividing the plunder (as the colonel did) to his troops, he would inevitably have been created a *Marechal de l'Empire*, and might have been made Grand Duke of Rio Pongas—a very well sounding title, fit enough to go with a Bellunc, &c. and have been ornamented with a star of the legion of honour, and the order of the iron crown,

which the incarceration of his victim would have richly merited.

The plea of performing these achievements in the cause of freedom was also a fine *coup de politique à la Buonapartè* ; for it was not unfrequent for him to invade territories, to desolate countries, and to destroy property, for the purpose of delivering them from a foreign yoke, for ameliorating the situation of the people, for rescuing them from the reign of superstition and error, and for expelling English produce or influence from their shores.

Such pretexts were by no means foreign from the colonel's motives, as stated in justification of his unprovoked inroad ; and accordingly the defenders of liberty who composed the expedition

used the freedom (very properly) to remunerate themselves for their toil, and to bear away the spoils which their services in the cause of humanity so justly claimed, and which were awarded to them by their gallant governor, who sent them out with their well-judged orders and instructions.

Unluckily, however, for Colonel M——, this French imperial system is quite misunderstood and reprobated in England. The soldier's sword, in Great Britain, is likewise the sword of justice; valour meets with laurels and high reward from this nation; but rapine and plunder are never recompensed, under whatever pretence they exist. Whilst the fairly won campaign conducts to the most exalted dignities,

injustice and inhumanity are surrendered up to the law, and the most retributive examples are invariably made of the authors thereof; and a private individual will meet with as much attention and fair play at a legal tribunal, as if he were arch-secretary, or arch-chancellor of the empire, or *Scipio Africanus* regenerated.

MRS. K——.

This lady's is a very simple case. The air of *Kent* did not agree with her, and she changed it accordingly. She fancied *Sorrel* as suited to her appetite, and she made trial of it accordingly. The rank of her husband was not on a par with a colonel, nor were

his cavalry honours so high as those of the staff, which she joined in consequence. She wished to place her husband on the retired list, and to be promoted herself to another corps, conferring on the former the order of the crescent, as a reward for his faithful services.

Mrs. K—— was the daughter of an officer of high rank; and it was fair that she should rise in her profession: besides, an elderly gentleman is so respectable. These things are very common in high life; and Mrs. K—— doubtless did not expect to see herself gazetted in the manner which she has been. Surely she could trust a gentleman who could write so discreetly as the colonel, with so much feeling, *tant*

de menagement, as a French lady would call it ; but, as Sterne says, “ they manage these matters far better in France.”

The chief inconsistency is Mrs. K—’s having married for love, and the circumstance of the children ; but in extenuation of the first, it may be observed that young ladies fancy themselves in love ; and then they marry and find that they are not in love ; and then, poor things ! they go abroad, and find that they really are in love. Change of air has a great effect upon ladies, and their husbands are very apt to be inattentive ; whereas governors and generals, aides de camp, and acting staff officers, are so apt to be attentive.

Then there is so much freedom

abroad. Now, for instance, the colonel was as domesticated as if he had been one of the family. Habit and familiarity are so dangerous ! It is fifty to one if the worthy, sentimental, corresponding colonel would have taken a liberty with the wife of a stranger ; but his happiness quite depended on his friend's wife, from habit, and other refined associations unknown to vulgar beings.

This case furnishes a strong lesson for subalterns going on foreign service, with how much precaution they should act as to accepting favours from high military characters ; how they may depend on brother officers, particularly superior in rank and age ; how comfortably they can admit them to an intimacy in their

family, to protect their wives, and to be godfathers to their children! Many a subaltern will, on this occasion, rub his forehead, and look round, and reflect under whose command, or attached to whose staff he may have been. But above all, we caution him, in taking out a young wife in the army, to beware of touching at *Silly* Island, and to think well of the danger of doubling Cape Horn!!!

We must now proceed with the Duke's personal adventures. He had not been long at Bath ere he met with the enchanting Duchess Dowager of Beauvais. She, like his Grace, had retreated to Bath, to drown painful remembrance; for she too had lost her love; but he

was living. She had bestowed her easy heart on one who had ill requited her partiality—who shared her affections, then engaged himself to another, whose love, in a word, was fickle, faithless, and false, which she feelingly described by—

To sigh yet feel no pain,
To weep yet scarce know why,
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by ;
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none,
To think all other charms divine
But those we just have won--
This, this is love, careless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

Since Lord —— had deserted her Grace, she had travelled from place to place, flying from herself; but all to no purpose. She, moreover, had the

mortification of frequently meeting with him and his happier bride, who, however, she had the consolation to discover was daily growing less and less felicitous; who, she kindly and charitably hoped, might in time be as miserable as herself; and who, she said in her rage, she had no doubt would repay his faithlessness to her, by conjugal infidelity, and make his head and heart feel what her's had felt.—Her Grace might have added, had caused to feel also.

Jealousy is a natural ingredient of excessive love: extreme admiration must always engender extreme apprehension and alarm: men of impetuous tempers are invariably jealous when they love, and prove the words of the poet to be true.

La jalousie a des impressions
 Dont bien souvent la force nous entraîne,
 Et l'ame la plus sage, en ces occasions,
 Sans doute avec assés de peine
 Respond de ses emotions.

MOLIERE.

Womens' jealousy is still more excessive, more ungoverned, and less just; for be they faithful or unfaithful, fond or indifferent, connected or unconnected with the object of their ambition or desire, their jealousy is not one bit the less active, the less violent, or the less revengeful, and therefore Voltaire, who well knew the human heart, tells us that

L'homme est jaloux dès qu'il peut s'enflammer,
 La femme l'est, *même avant que d'aimer.*

NANINE.

It was consoling to the disappointed

lovers in their respective sufferings to make their mutual complaints; and thus enjoying each other's company, they would have passed a long time at Bath, had not an unforeseen arrival separated them. As if fate always fought against the duchess, and insulted, slighted love, Lord and Lady P—— arrived at the very hotel where the Duke of Glen Eagle lodged. Lord P——'s devotion to Dionysius had caused him to feel something like gout in his stomach; and like most of the *bon vivans*, who take too much wine, he resorted to Bath to mingle with it the waters of that Hygeia spring.

Lord P—— was acquainted with the Duke, and made him a visit soon after his arrival. The Duke on his part

thought it a duty incumbent on him to give the earliest possible intelligence to the Duchess of Beauvais of her rival's arrival. The news operated like an electric shock on her exquisite feelings and irritable nerves. Vowing to be revenged of the *perfide*, she ordered four posters to her carriage, and flew from Bath, crying "that the same town, the same country, scarcely the same land, should longer contain a rival and herself."

"La terre ne peut plus nous porter tous les deux "

The departure of the duchess deprived Glen Eagle of a powerful resource. He became dull and taciturn again, from which state the attentions of Lord and Lady P—— roused him

in some measure. My lord was good company; but he preferred his pipe and a jovial circle to the milder enjoyments of domestic life. He was tired of the sameness of matrimonial chit-chat; and sated love had almost made his beauteous bride an object of indifference to him. The ardour of his flame had almost burned itself out, and he had come to that stage in matrimony where complaisance succeeds to affection, and where the wedded lover fears to be alone with his bride, lest she should perceive the painful change. Then ensue coolness and indisposition, assumed low spirits, hints of being out of order, of vapours, of engagements out, of letters to write, female tears, laying down for a mo-

ment to give ease to a head-ache, divided interests, going to one's room, and additional love for public places, devotions to Bacchus, ennui, secrets, confidants, visits to relations, the necessity of watering places, altered looks, change of air in more ways than one, independence, separate amusements, different hours, reproaches, jarring elements, and at last separate apartments, alienation of sentiment and change of partner. Upon these principles Voltaire, ingeniously enough, conceives that love has two quivers furnished with arrows, which produce a totally different effect, and operate as follows:

Je vous l'ai dit, l'amour a deux carquois ;
L'un est rempli de ces traits tout de flamme
Dont la douceur porte la paix dans l'ame,

Qui rend plus purs nos goûts, nos sentimens,
Nos soins plus vifs, nos plaisirs plus touchans ;
L'autre n'est plein que des fleches cruelles,
Qui repondant les soupçons, les querelles, :
Rebutent l'ame, y porte la tieueur,
Font succéder les degoùts à l'ardeur.

Lord and Lady P—— had not been long at Bath before they felt the full force of this description. Whilst Lord P——'s growing indifference and change of conduct produced an interregnum fatal to both their happiness, her heart was vacant ; she thought how to fill the void ; his fancy had strayed, and disunion of sentiment had already taken place.

The Duke was a very amiable man, Lady P.—— said ; he had a pretty tenor voice ; she liked indeed the whole

tenor of his conduct ; he was a delightful *second* in a duet, waltzed admirably, sang *funny* German airs, and was a dead hand at a catch ; besides he skaited like a water god, danced all dances with so much grace, was so complaisant, so much a woman's man, knew so many tricks which he had learned abroad ; had a poodle dog that could do every thing but speak ; then, the melancholy cast of countenance which he bore was so interesting,—this word was sounded inter-resting, a very common mode of accenting by romantic ladies ; and lastly, he was so much in love, any body might be attached to the Duke : his was no common flame, no fancy of a moment, no mere mo-

mentary frenzy of sensuality, which possession cured in a few (with a sigh) fleeting months.

Thus preached my lady; and my lord heard her with calm composure, even with a smile which almost savoured of contempt. He saw that she was piqued, that she was jealous, and he did not care one d——n, as in an angry moment he once said. He thought the better of himself for his lady's upbraidings; and observed, that women when they were married had nothing to do with romance; that when they had obtained the object of their choice they ought to be completely happy, and rest quiet, and do his will, and render his life peaceful and undisturbed: they should remember that at

the altar they had sworn to love, honour, and obey.

“Horrible!” exclaimed Lady P——. She formally protested against the word, swore that she never uttered any thing but oh! nay.

“Preposterous!” cried my lord: he insisted; she was stubborn; and a violent storm arose. Matters were, however, brought about again in a peaceable form, when the noble lord concluded by saying, that a woman’s whole duty was to be quiet, to love her lord, and not to *pester* him; that courtship and matrimony had both their time, and that all that she had advanced was nonsense, mere *fiddle-ty-dee*, stuff—here he whistled. Glen Eagle, he observed, was a good-enough ruined rake: he

had been good-looking, but was h—
—y altered, quite broke, pulled down
like a dowager, and that he was now
become nothing but a lady's lap-dog, a
sort of complaisant, and a broken-down
ci-devant lover.

This he uttered with a loud laugh,
and left the room. But Lady P——
had a different opinion of the whole
matter; and in proportion as the Duke
was abused by her husband, he rose in
merit in her eyes. It is a very foolish
thing to abuse another, particularly
where the party to whom the object is
detracted has a wavering sentiment of
partiality. Praise is much less dan-
gerous, and has a less hostile effect to
the person bestowing it; for there is
something generous in praise, whereas

abuse argues envy; nay, people suppose that a man must be worth abusing. In the same manner, the lady who calls a man a rake, a reprobate, an inconstant, a butterfly, a *mauvais sujet*, is in much more danger of changing her sentiment than one who speaks indifferently or praises temperately: all is extreme with the fair sex—love or hatred, agony or ecstasy, and the sudden change from the one to the other is frequently operated; whereas the dear creatures seldom prograde in esteem or dislike: this routine is too sober and tedious for their heads or hearts; in a word, to reform a rake, fix a flutterer, or to attach an amiable *Rouè*, is too generally the ambition of ladies in high life.

Lady P. accordingly began every day

to find more and more merit in the Duke ; she confided her secrets to him, heard his in return, *professed* pity for his loss, made complaints of my lord to him, took his arm in solitary walks, rode out tête-à-tête with him, saying “ Lord P. won’t ride out with me now,” listened to his warm songs, and accompanied him on the harp—such *apparent* trifles make sad ravages in the heart ; she even told him how Lord P. abused him, which made him say to himself, —“ not such a toilet beau, such a tame Philander as he may think ;” and looking in the glass, he did not perceive such ravages as the jealous peer had described, nor did he say

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was :

What, from this day I shall be,
Venus let me never see.

Plato. Epig.

On the contrary, he saw nothing but what care, regular living, air and exercise, might bring back to its pristine bloom. Thus do we partially eye ourselves, not only in our mirror, but in nature's looking glass; and, although both of them are formed for *reflection*, each of us generally goes away without knowing what manner of man he is.

During all this gentle flirtation, which gains upon the heart by constant attentions, as a drop continually falling on the same spot makes certain though imperceptible impression, the two nobles grew less intimate, and drew off as it

were from each other. Smoaking began to disagree with the Duke (Lady P. hated the custom); hard drinking brought on fever with his grace (Lady P. chid late sitting after dinner); late hours were forbidden by the duke's physician (Lady P. by this means shared the moments which had been dedicated to her lord); finally they grew almost out of acquaintance, whilst Glen Eagle called P—— a very inattentive husband, and Lord P. styled the Duke an altered man, a moll-coddle and a milk-sop, a puny constitutioned pip-pin—squeezing exquisite; and attributed it to his not being like himself, a soldier, who could drink, smoke, fight, ride hard, and do every thing that a *man* ought to do. “Poor duke!” he used

to say, with affected pity, "he's going off as fast as possible;" and the Duke used, in his turn, sincerely to regret that poor Lord P. was going to the devil in a hard canter.

It does not become us to say to what extent the attachment betwixt Glen Eagle and Lady P. had gone. We will take it for granted that it was pure superlative platonism; but certain it is, that it was very sincere, and that an after disclosure doubly rivetted their chains. During the whole of their attachment, although *les on dits* went their train, yet no one could positively assert any thing detrimental to the fair lady. Prudence, caution, circumspection, reflection, and *retinue*, kept up the most punctilious observance of the necessary

etiquette of society, and made them observe what they owed to each other, to themselves, and to society, which unfortunately is seldom the case, as erring beauties, and ambitious beaux, in general, commit wilful indiscretions and improprieties, which, by offending society, reveal and expose every thing. This was not, however, the case with this couple of sentimental friends.

In his hours of retirement, the Duke began to commune with his heart, and to ask himself whether he was in love, how he came so, had he forgotten his Laura, (for that was the name of adoption which he gave her, fancying himself at the same time into a Petrarca) and why he had forgotten her. To these queries self-love artfully replied

that he had not forgotten her ; that his taste for female society was an additional proof of his love for her ; that the selection of a friend, instead of offending, hallowed her memory ; that woman is all the world to man ; that life without love was like a magic lantern without light ; nay, that if he were in love, she had taught him to love ; that he could not live out of love, that he had always been in love, was in love, and would be in love all his life ; 'twas his element, his light, his warmth, his existence ; and then quoting the following passage, sat down perfectly satisfied with himself.

It is no marvel : from my very birth

My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade

And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth ;

Of objects all inanimate I made

Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dream'd uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wand'ring; and the
wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me, and said
Of such materials wretched men were made,
And such a truant boy would end in woe;
et cetera, et cetera.

TASSO'S *Lament in a Madhouse*,
by LORD BYRON.

Although this character is very dissimilar from the Duke's, and although we would advise youths and maidens to mistrust that poet's motto—"Crede Biron;" yet the duke thought it fitted him: the lines were elegant and pathetic, which then suited the temper of his mind; and they moreover offered a beautiful apology for his conduct, which we in general are very expert at finding for

ourselves. He was therefore so self-satisfied, that he gloried in his passion, and lauded himself for his laudable concealment of it.

He became now more cheerful, more contented; took additional pains with his person; and instead of neglecting himself, he dressed three times a-day; instead of laying in bed till dusk, he rose at a moderate hour; instead of smoking away thought, or poring over a book for hours, he took air and exercise, and enjoyed something like an active life, which made him conceive that love had given him fresh health, fresh strength, new life; whereas he really owed the change to temperance, and an alteration of hours and bad habits, all which arose from no merit of the Duke's, but from

suiting his present purpose ; in a word, his mind was occupied, and thence came the improvement.

During these law proceedings, the son of Mars was not neuter. His amusements had also taken another turn, and he had, at a dinner party, met with a person of great fascination, a *beauté piquante*, a lively *brunette*, one with a quick eye, and well versed in the *talent de plaire*. His wife was a far more beautiful woman, but then she was his wife ; she was fair, lovely, tranquil, *languissante*, dignified, and attractive ; whereas his new fancy was dark, sportive, impetuous, artful, and fascinating : the very contrast produced a novelty ; and novelty to a man of gallantry and pleasure is every thing ! He conse-

quently fancied that he saw still more charms than really existed ; and, what was more, he perceived that he had made some impression on the *belle brunette*. This heightened the picture, and gave an indescribable interest to the adventure, not to be estimated, not to be resisted, past calculation, and past declining.

Lord P—— possesses manly beauty, is finely made, tall of stature, imposing and martial in appearance, his features regular, with *un air noble*, tinged by a look of rakishness, of confidence amongst women, a sort of summary *à la militaire*, which speaks in his eyes, and says to a forlorn, a languid, a fanciful or vascillating belle, *rendezvous!* This exactly suited Lady Charlotte Wil-

lingfair; for her worthy and indulgent husband was quite the reverse; and then the novelty of the contrast had its effect. Mr. W—— was only an affectionate husband, a tender father, and a good sort of man. Now the word *good sort of man* is quite frightful in high life; and we know a certain Lady Betty who refused a worthy lord merely because he was a *mighty good sort of man*; adding, that he was *infinitely too good for her*. Poor lady, she has paid for her taste since by wedding a handsome, volatile, pleasurable lord, whose gallantry after marriage has cost her many a heart-ache—but *n'importe*; Lady C——'s taste was decidedly for a handsome gay soldier, instead of for a well-looking, grave family man.

Whilst the Duke and Lady P—— were sentimentalizing on the Downs, Lord P—— and Lady Charlotte were enjoying the lone path, the romantic drive, the verdant wander, the variegated garden, and became prominent characters in the scandalous chronicle of Bath,—nothing moved at that, except to laughter, they continued to pride themselves on their notoriety. The gravity of Mr. W—— affected not his tender wife; nor did Lady P——'s gentle but pointed remarks derange her lord in the least. On the contrary, Lady C—— derived triumph from giving uneasiness to Lady P——; and her lord thought all these little accompaniments added a zest to his enjoyment.

One day, however, his *loving* wife broke out into the tone of remonstrance. It was not on her own account that she spoke, but on account of what the world might say ; it was that he, my lord, might look as respectable as possible in the public eye ; it was for fear mamma might be made uneasy by busy bodies ; nay, it was because it would give offence to Lord Oldbridge, my lord's father, with whom she was proud to say she had always stood well ; it was even unhandsome to the poor deserted duchess (a pretty hint) ; finally, it was on every account but her's ; and it was meant for his good, although not to intrude upon his amusements, nor to control his actions.

Lord P—— knew how to put on a proud and petrifying look—a very useful thing for *peccant* husbands: it offers a ready mode of cutting an argument short; it shuts the door to extensive and prolonged inquiry, and saves contradictions, inconsistencies and untruths. My lord had that commanding air, and it was felt by her; he could look

Come colei ch' a tutto il mondo a s'degno,
E non le par ch' alcun sia de lei degno;

ARIOSTO.

and he did so, leaving the room, and adding, that indeed he *did* hope that she would not interfere with his engagements, nor attempt to control his actions; and that, as for the world, he very *liberally* said: “D—— the world!”

a most *comprehensive sentence*, a most *universal* remark. But he who proves too much proves nothing at all ; and thus did his lordship's *anathematising* mean *nothing*.

In the mean while, Lady C——'s partner was not without his share of disquietude ; and ventured one day, after a triste tête-à-tête dinner, to observe that he had no *selfish* feeling in what he was going to observe, but solely her respectability and good at heart ; that people (interrupted by a sham laugh and the word nonsense !), that people would talk ; that a wife and mother could not be too circumspect ; that Cæsar's wife (interrupted again by what stuff!) should not *even* be suspected ; (trash !) that he was all confidence ; (to be sure, and

why not?) but that Lord P. was a very gay man (this was an unfortunate remark, for it placed him upon a pinnacle, whilst it threw himself in the back ground); and lastly, that he wished her to be *little* (a *very little* would do) less giddy. It was well it was no worse.

Lady Charlotte called in tears to her aid (powerful partisans in conjugal disputes); said that she was ill used; that she did not merit this; that she defied the world to find a more affectionate mother—"granted," said Mr. W.—"a better —" here she could not speak for a second or two—"wife," added Mr. W. "Granted; but then—" "Sir, I'll have no *but thens*; I'll not be *suspected for nothing*." "Now, my dear,"

exclaimed Mr. W. quite penitent, "I won't be ill-used for trifles." "Certainly not," said the fond husband. "This comes of marrying one so dissimilar in taste." "Not at all," intruded Mr. W. — "of being *too good* a wife." "By no means, lovey!" said her spouse. "We never agree about any thing *now*," added she. "I never can please *you*," said Mr. W. "*Fiddle te dee*," said my lady. "Sit down, *pretty!*" rejoined the husband. "No, not I," said my lady. "Our tastes and opinions differ in every thing, Sir," said she: "now, you ought to read Corneille's play of *l'Illusion*," concluded she; so, taking the book up, and leaving the intended page for quotation open before him, she wiped off three niggard tears, and flounced out of

the room. He calmly took out his glass and read as follows :

“ Nous donnons bien souvent des divers noms
aux choses ;
Des epines pour moi, vous les nommez des roses ;
Ce que vous apelez service, affection,
Je l'apele supplice et persecution,” et cetera.

There was something in this which he neither understood nor liked ; but he had not time to consider it : he felt hurt at having given her pain, and flew up to her dressing-room, to gain reconciliation, and to set her mind at ease. “ No, Sir,” said she ; “ I am just going to dress, and to meet your rival, as you are pleased to call him (how provoking) : the pump-room shall have something to talk of : people are not a bit the better treated for being *too easy*.” “ No, indeed,” interrupted her fond spouse. “ Be

calm, deary: don't let all this flutter you: now, sweetheart, only say you won't go to the play, and I'll never give you a moment's pain again." "Oh! yes, I must go to the play: I must meet this dangerous man." "Now, don't you, darling."

This, with many more suavities of expression, blandishments, promises, and consoling words, produced a victory, as the husband thought, for him, by her relinquishing her plan of going to the play—which, gentle reader, she never meant to do, not being so engaged, and Lord P. being one of a large party fifteen miles off. Nevertheless, the good Mr. W. retired to rest with more than usual comfort and composure. Cupid is represented with a bandeau before

his eyes, signifying that love is blind to rank and fortune, to interest and safety; that he spares, now-a-days, neither age nor sex, nor condition, nor grave profession; that he sets light heels and gouty toes equally in motion, in flying, running, or hobbling after beauty; that he steals into the antiquated dowager's bed, and sets her a dreaming of the days of her youth; nay, even creeps into the pulpit, and, tickling the fat rector with a feather of his wing, sets his imagination in full gallop after a ruddy parishioner, and makes him forget his sermon, his vocation, his age, and family, substituting in his mind a *petticoat* to his *gown*, and the desire of a *cambric tucker* to the laudable ambition for lawn sleeves.

In the same manner does modern Hymen wear (or at least he used to wear) an impenetrable veil, composed of oblivion, security, secrecy, and sleep, to guard him against the daily disclosures which turn the nuptial couch from a bed of roses into one of thorns; happy indeed are those spouses whose *dearies* are content with planting *thorns* around their pillow! the point will grow blunt in time, and will lose its acuteness and asperity; but there are other *plants* which grow so fast on the connubial soil, that they spring up like weeds on a mountain, and disfigure *the very face of nature*.

“The *very head and front of her* offending.”

OTHELLO.

How different is the wedded state to

the primeval account which poets and other flattering authors give us of it !

With thought meeting thought, and will prevent-
ing will. THOMPSON.

Married *meetings* are now of a far different complexion; and although there is certainly *will enough* on both sides, yet the preventions, or preventatives, or even the *prevenances*, are not to be found upon the poet's plan. In a word, we find love and justice blind, and we may add hymen to the trio.

“ *Dulcere est decipere in loco,*”

would be no bad Epithalamic motto now-a-days : the practice is general, although the precept has not yet dared to creep into the sacred ceremony. And never had man more need of the *bandeau*

d'amour than the placid Mr. W. had on this occasion.

The Duke had stayed later than usual with Lady P. ; and some little degree of flutter was occasioned by that, not from a sense of guilt, but from a sense of propriety. Lord P., however, came home still later than usual, very tipsey and uncommonly good-humoured ; so that the one circumstance balanced the other : and *this* couple was more pleased with each other on this occasion, and more tranquil and mutually complaisant than they had been for many weeks. How fleeting and uncertain is felicity ! Of what equivocal form and existence, and on what whimsical circumstances does matrimonial happiness oftentimes depend ! Celibataires, beware : your change

of condition rests upon slippery ground :
the temple of hymen is a fragile abode :
matrimony is a glassy substance.

The caprices of women are innumerable. Lady Charlotte was sitting at breakfast ; her husband was uncommonly attentive to her ; her little children caressed her and hung upon her knee ; she repaid their endearments with many a fond word and kiss : a sudden thought entered her head, for she was quick in every thing : she again kissed her pretty young ones, and then seating herself most kindly and confidentially by her husband, proposed leaving Bath. She urged the propriety of it from the sensible remarks which he had yesterday made ; and she observed that he must be a better judge of the

world than herself: she might have been *unwillingly*, unwarily guilty of levity, and she was sorry for it: home was the best place for the mother of a family; she also had been too hasty in what she had said to him, and a fool for trying to make him jealous: her heart upbraided her for doing so; but she had paid dearly for it, for she had not slept all night, (not true) and she was restless and feverish (true enough). Bath did not agree with her; and she had rather take the *dear children home*.

She then took Mr. W. by the hand, and pressing it kindly, said, "Dear, let us be off to-morrow." "Willingly," said he; and every thing was prepared for their departure. Mr. W. was now the happiest of husbands: he had a treasure

of a wife : she might be indiscreet, but she was *sterling* as to chastity; thoughtless perhaps for a moment, but full of integrity, and easily recalled; flighty, but *firm* in her duty.

He considered himself as a husband of *a thousand*; and so he was, but he knew it not. Every thing was prepared for a departure. He paid her ladyship's bills without an observation—this was a fine *coup* for my lady. A dress-maker's account was alarming: it was discharged without a murmur; nay, the bearer was called my dear, and he seemed quite pleased to draw his purse-strings in so good a cause. Lord P. called; not at home—better and better. The travelling carriage arrived—she looked grave; she had the head-ache, and she was pitied

for that; nay, esteemed the more. They enter the vehicle: the husband's heart dances with joy, her's felt a struggle; but, "tell the boys to drive fast, and I'll pay them accordingly," ended the matter.

And ye stern moralists, ye severe censors of female conduct, ye inquisitorial judges of women's errors, be not too rigid in your principles, too harsh in your decision. When poor Lady Charlotte said all these kind and proper things, she felt them: her children's smiles were bitterest upbraidings; her husband's mildness and endurance cut her to the heart: she was resolved on good; but there came an after thought; and she was but a piece of fragile, though well-turned clay; her bosom was

no rock, her heart no piece of silex; nay, even had it been of that obdurate substance, percussion might have raised a *spark!* and a *spark* can at all times kindle a *flame*: she had forgotten all but her duty for *a while*, but

“ She had not quite forgot herself to stone.”

CHAPTER IV.

Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videre.

VIRGIL.



THE letter which Lady-Charlotte left behind her for Lord P. had a double object in view; for whilst it announced to him her departure and her resolution of flying from his presence, it at the same time informed him that she was miserable, and unfolded to him, in the warmest terms, the extent of her attachment; and thus she had an opportunity of trying the strength of his flame. Her letter had the desired effect; for after throwing him for a moment into confusion, he resolved to follow her; and stating

to his lady that he had just received important despatches from London, he ordered his clothes to be packed up, and set off for town accordingly.

This not a little deranged the Duke's platonic and sentimental evenings; but he, after remaining three days behind his lordship and Lady P., found that the waters disagreed with him, and that it was necessary for him to consult a physician in London; so, writing to his old associate, Tom Shuffleton, to meet him there, he started by night, and travelled as usual until he reached Mount-Eagle House in London.

Arrived there, how different was the scene to the antique castle in the north. Here, indeed, match-lock guns, battle-axes, cross-bows and boar-spears,

were to be seen in the halls. There were here also antique staircases of oak wood; and the battles of the great Duke John were painted on the walls of the hall and staircases. There were likewise full many a grim-looking duke and marquis of his house, in enormous black perriwigs hanging down in ringlets over their shoulders, and others in the more modern (yet ancient enough) ramilie; some clad in glittering mail, some with leathern jerkins, and others in the garb of old Gaul. There were *ladyes* in flowing robes and grotesque head-dresses; some in the cumberous hoop and stiff brocade, with parrots on their fingers, or a rose in their hand, or a prayer-book, or the *Whole duty of Man*, or perhaps a fantastical fan. The men

were some of them equipped for war, and others for the lighter sports of the chace.

There was one family picture containing seventeen personages, including a black boy and running footman. In it were also, *faithfully* drawn, favourite spaniels of King Charles's breed, rough highland greyhounds, his Grace's Shetland pony, and my lady Mary's pet monkey, not to forget turtle doves, *cum muliis aliis*. The duke's grandfather had the plan of a campaign in his hand, whilst the present Duke was leading a wooden horse by a green ribband. How picturesque! It was however contrived as a chef d'œuvre, although from the leading features of the patriarchal looking couple, who formed

the most prominent figures in the piece, and from the pairs of divers birds and beasts, it seemed more like a representation of the inhabitants of the ark than a modern picture. This one, among many others, was destined for the hammer.

There were also costly tapestry from the Gobelin web, and fine crimson damask furniture; but they were all hanging in reproachful rags; and the woodwork was within a week of going for what it would fetch for fire-wood. These were of course but gloomy pictures. Moreover, except the superannuated porter, all were strangers here: flippant London laquais', interested and pilfering grooms, loose and careless handmaids. There were no faithful vassals,

brave highlanders, and firm clansmen here. All was new-fangled, greedy, discontented; robbers within doors, and duns without; visiting lawyers and intruding mortgagees.

From a prospect so grievous his Grace sought relief by the mirthful society of his chum, Tom Shuffleton, for whom he had written to the north; and *en attendant* his arrival, the Duke delivered himself from constant importunity, by late lying in bed, and by starting from his door at three-parts speed for his morning ride, at four P. M.; dining at taverns and coffee-houses, and coming home when labourers were rising to their daily task. He had long been without hearing from her who held his heart in

bondage, and he felt the want of her society: he felt that the only happy state of existence is

When to another the fond breast
Each thought for ever gives;
When on another leans for rest,
And in another lives.

MARIA HELEN WILLIAMS.

And, albeit, though he had felt this for more than one, yet he was perfectly true to the object; perfectly sincere in the sentiment at the time. At length a welcome billet from his advocate informed him that he might see her, but not at home, and with still more *menagement* than heretofore.

He flew to the rendezvous; when he found that Lady P. had discovered the attachment existing betwixt her lord

and Lady Charlotte Willingfair to be of a nature not purely platonic; that he had dropped a most impassioned letter out of his pocket, which she (Lady P.) had secured for her own purposes; that it was now become necessary to watch them very *closely*, and to be more than cautious themselves as to their conduct, lest any indiscretion on their part should serve as a palliation of Lord P.'s guilt.

The Duke highly approved of this advice and plan, and promised to give it his warmest and most zealous aid and co-operation.

Tom Shuffleton now arrived, and gave his Grace a detail of events at the castle, the humours of which were still proceeding with unabated gaiety. He announced himself as a benedict, adding that *ap-*

pearances (he meant appearances of flirtation which might have alarmed friends), made him deem it decorous to marry; and as a very beauteous bride had fallen to his lot, it was no great matter, hoping, as he did, that love would not fly out of the window when *duns* came into the door—a loud laugh.

Tom now was of great use and advantage at Glen Eagle House: he puffed old books and rare manuscripts for sale; polished up the family pictures; softened the hearts of obdurate creditors; humbugged duns; kept a roar of good humour in the house; and set up all night with the Duke, drinking, smoking, and singing, blacking the face of an Italian music-master, eating three suppers in a night, and rattling time away

to the tune of a violin, tenor and base; with the diversity of letting-off sky-rockets in the back-yard, in order to puzzle purblind astronomers; and springing a rattle unperceived out of the window to keep the gouty feet of the active guardians of the night on a trot. Meanwhile, the servants were sent out to place a rope across the street, or to nail up the neighbouring watch-box, or to lay a train of gunpowder so as to frighten old Cerberus upon his opening his watch-box door.

This would have been all frolicsome enough, but, unfortunately, his Grace used, previously to his coming in of a morning (i. e. at two or three, when these domestic gambols began) to frequent the houses for play at the west

end of the town, those haunts of perdition, those worse than stews, where avarice and dishonesty lay wait for prodigality and candour; where man feeds upon his fellow man; and where, when once a man gains a habit of going, his honour is placed on a perilous and vacillating balance; where, in a word,

On commence par etre dupe
Et on finit par etre fripon.

Here did the noble-hearted generous Glen Eagle try his unaltering fortune amongst noted blacklegs, gazetted scoundrels, with a view to make one *coup* to amend the dilapidated state of his finances, to meet perhaps some claim on his humanity, or to discharge some debt of *honour*, which it would have been *honest* to his tradesmen never to have

paid; for it was contracted by duplicity, and was due to the dishonour of the winner.

There, notwithstanding, and in opposition to all advice, would his Grace sit down betwixt lottery office insurance keepers, builders, law attornies, horse-dealers, bankrupts, tarnished gentlemen, and acquitted felons; and in such company would he stake his last rouleau, nay, borrow his own money back again of the bankers, to lose a second time to the devouring table, to be placed in the devil's *exchequer*, in the *rouge et noir* chancery, out of which neither principal nor interest ever came, and for the best reason in the world, that the firm wants *principle*, and it is their *interest* to keep your money.

To assuage many a heart-ache, Glen Eagle absolutely required such a friend as Tom Shuffleton to put him in good humour with himself; and there was no exhausting the treasures of Tom's fertile and humourous brain.

On the subject of duns, when asked by his Grace if they were not a horrid torment, and what was the best means of getting rid of them, he gave the following lecture, which was certainly worthy of a professor.

“ My dear Glen Eagle, many have been the stratagems which I have invented and practised in order to rid myself of these *insects*, who very foolishly, and contrary to nature, swarm and try to feed upon the leanest instead of the fattest carcasses. One device was to

electrify the knocker of my door. This created alarm at first, but it lost its efficacy in a little time, and enraged a Jew so, that he took a writ out against me. I had a fat creditor, whose patience equalled his corpulence; and although I tried to wear him out by getting into the garret, and having him up frequently in order to put him off to a *day when* I would inform him *when to come again*, and thus trying his wind and his patience at the same time, yet nothing would do. I then let him sit six hours one morning in attendance; yet up come my man, after a *sweet sleep*, as placid and as modestly importunate as ever; at length I put a mixture of cobbler's wax and other ingredients on my hall bench; and

my fat friend having as usual fallen asleep in his half day's waiting, and the weather being desperately cold ; and I having purposely had no fire lit in order to discourage my diurnal visitors, old Boniface awoke so benumbed with cold, and finding he could not rise from his seat, bawled out for assistance, and by their long efforts raising himself from the bench, crept home with tears in his eyes, blowing the blue extremities of his fingers, and fancying that he had lost the use of his limbs : this so discouraged my friend, that I have never seen him since. I used also to strew sternutative powder in my passage, and set my greasy rogues sneezing so, that *culottes* were burst, noses fell a blowing, and many a fellow run away frightened out

of his wits, and of his bill too. I soaped the step of my door also, which made my French perfumer '*fall down so long as he vas*' (as he termed it) ; and whilst he limped to the apothecary's shop, I made myself scarce for the rest of the day, and so evaded Monsieur La Rose, who was confined at home for a whole month. I knew a fellow who pretended to be out of his mind when a dun was announced, received him in bed, talked incoherent, and frightened his man successfully for some time, but at last a sly annuitant observed that he believed he was *only* out of his *mind to pay* ; and coming one day, followed by John Doe and Richard Roe, *two brothers in law*, removed my buck to the Fleet Prison. I believe at last, that the very

best plan is to have a *Dunometer*, a thing of my own invention, which surpasseth a chronometer, a barometer, a thermometer, a photometer, and every thing ending in *metre*, either in *prose* or *verse*, being nothing but a glass so placed as to announce the approach of each visitor, and to enable you either to retreat or to hide yourself from their importunities."

This vivacious account produced a mirth-moving effect, and charmed an hour which otherwise might have been overclouded with care. For it was the Duke's practice, in all the glooms and disappointments of life, to look to his friend for a lift to lighten his load of melancholy; and he never sought this relief in vain. Very often, indeed, on his return from the ruinous fleecing

shops, he used to change his mien, wash his head in cold water, call for supper, and, as the knights of the whip say, “carry on, governor—all right!” till the next day was mortgaged in the book of time, and then he rose in the evening for a rendezvous with his fair friend, and took his morning ride by lamp light.

The amour of Lord P—— was all this time proceeding with various fate, but with continued publicity. Lady Charlotte had moments of *abandon*, and hours of reserve, scenes of boundless affection, and vigils of gnawing remorse, days of good resolution, and weeks of broken vows, and moments of broad mirth, and others of mingled anger and capriciousness; but yet it might have been said of her that she

kept her lover constantly on the alert. This constant state of hopes and fears, of doubts and dismay, of love professions and of bitter reproaches, was, however, too much for the nerves of an amorous hard living lover; and he accordingly withdrew to the continent, and there joined his regiment, acting, as he had ever done, nobly for his king and country.

But the campaign was short: it was closed by a shorter peace. It just served to make him more in love than ever, and to forswear all the grand projects and magnanimous resolutions of giving up an unfortunate attachment, of restoring a valuable woman to those duties which blind and imperious love had induced her to forsake, and of giving to

a worthy husband, whose credulity was abused, that quietude for which he was so well suited, and which his many virtues, and particularly his conjugal tenderness and unexampled fidelity, so truly merited, of no longer rendering his own excellent spouse a prey to *mortification* and *despair*, and of giving over the heyday of passion and of sensuality, for the soberer and more lasting enjoyments of self-approbation and respectability.

All these, however, vanished at a contending smile and tear on Lady Charlotte's cheek, displayed on his return; so that he met his lady with a cold salute and a dissembled smile, and ran his love-race towards the end with winged velocity.

Talking of love, the Duke about this time received a letter from the inconsolable duchess, that Didone abbandonata, who was so distractedly and immutably attached to a faithless lover, whose grief and jealousy were inextinguishable, who, it was to be supposed, was pining with a green and yellow melancholy, wasting in substance daily, and who, like the deserted queen above mentioned,

———— jamdudum sancio cura
Vulnus alit venis, et ceco carpitur igni:

Point du tout.—Her Grace's letter was in the best possible style of good spirits: she stated that whilst she knew he would suffer for his infidelity, and that the *little dark wretch* with whom he was now captivated, would play him

some trick, she was determined no longer to be the dupe of an unmerited attachment, or to throw her heart away upon one so little deserving of it; that she had seen her error, &c. &c.—she, however, seemed to be repairing it in a very strange way, for *les on dit*, were current that she had TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW, as well as two bows to her string; and that whilst her son the young duke was taking the diversion of hunting, her Grace had a *beau cavalier* to talk *soft* nonsense to her in her boudoir.

Amongst the youth of the turf there was one of the gay Foresters, who was not over discreet in concealing her *penchant* for him, and he made public a billet-doux, which contained an invitation to quit the sports of the field for

her more attractive company, conveyed in the following translation from the Italian.

“ Deh ! non seguir Damma fugace,”
et cetera.

“ Follow a noble chase, and spare the deer,
Hunted by cruelty, run down by fear.
I am thy captive, Sylvio—follow me,
Already ta'en, and bound by love to thee.”

This invitation was, as it may be expected, accepted. Nevertheless, the *Vau-rien* to whom it was addressed, very unlike a *preux* chevalier, displayed the proof of his conquest to more than one confidant:—a hint to elderly ladies how to bestow their favours, and how to trust the written word with faithless swains and indiscreet Adonis's of the *present* age ; for it was not always so :

the lover of the *ancien regime* adored his mistress, the lover of the *nouveau regime* adores himself.

Her Grace did not of course confess her peccadillo in her letter to the Duke; but she hinted that she was very gay and very happy; was convinced that women were too good and too constant in their attachments, and that they only met with ingratitude in return: and that she believed women abroad were right who were just as fickle as the men; and that the saying was quite correct as to modern love, which excuses the flights of fancy, and injuries of wandering love, by saying

“ Si l'amour porte des ailes
N'est ce pas pour *voltiger* ?

Her letter concluded by an animated

description of the romantic hunting-seat of her son, where meandering paths, delicious grottos, umbrageous oaks, cooling streams, murmuring fountains, refreshing breezes, and flowery banks, danced in all the imagery of the most florid pen. To this was added an invitation to the Duke to join the social party, and to accept a most sincere welcome. It was signed *Secundum artem*, with her Christian name only, and had a postscript, which, according to the custom of many female writers, was three times as long as the letter itself.

This P. S. contained a request to write to her often, and long *newsy* letters (in case he could not come down to the lodge) ; to let her know particularly

how the wretch P. was going on ; whether the wife was very gracious ; what flirt the Duke himself had ; whether Tom Shuffleton was married ; how matters went on in the north ; were there any divorces or separations likely to take place ; what was said of herself ; whether he heard her cut up at Bath ; and whether the real cause of her departure was known or not ; if Mrs. Mildew was as great a gossip as ever ; whether that odious woman Lady Lombard, and her fool of a husband the East-India Director, were still *in statu quo* ; whether the knowing ones had eased Alderman Indigo and Commodore Capstan of all their loose cash ; who the new member for parliament (who was merely brought into the house by *the*

party, for the sake of keeping his person free from arrest) came on ; if Lord Lavender ever spoke of her ; and whether kindly or not ; and whether Lord Laudanum, who had just found out that the d——d tradespeople of England were all poisonous in their way ; and that he could no longer *exist* in such a land of rascality and bad taste, had gone to the continent or not. The postscript concluded with a request to pay a milliner's bill, and to enquire after a sick horse left at a veterinary surgeon's for her.

To avoid answering so long a list, to avoid also advancing the milliner's bill, no money being in the banker's hands, it was resolved to send a short letter down to the North, as if not in answer

to her's, and thus to appear to have gone down there. But we must say a word about Lord Laudanum. He never was satisfied in one place : London was odious, but for one month at a time ; the country was a diabolical sameness ; at bathing places you met with nothing but high winds and bad company ; and at Bath the wind was too low, and you found nothing but sharpers ; then all trades conspired to ruin your stomach and to destroy your health ; the wine-merchants drenched you with sloe juice, elder-berries, and blackberries, pressed into a wine vat, and mixed with corn, brandy, and bad port ; the bakers ground pease, beans, and potatoes, allum, and pulverised stone, into what they called bread ; the brewers poured a whole

apothecary's shop and tobacconist's into their malt liquor; grocers mixed sand and horrid compounds with their sugar; tea was mixed with leaves of British growth, and medicated herbs; butchers fed their cattle upon oil cake, molasses, and trash; the cooks poisoned you with fat in their pastry, grease and butter in their sauces; the doctor was then called in, who reduced you to a skeleton; and his accomplice the apothecary made you pay for treacle and water, and chalk pills, as much as would keep a good table abroad: in fine, there was no living in England, and France was our only *resource*.

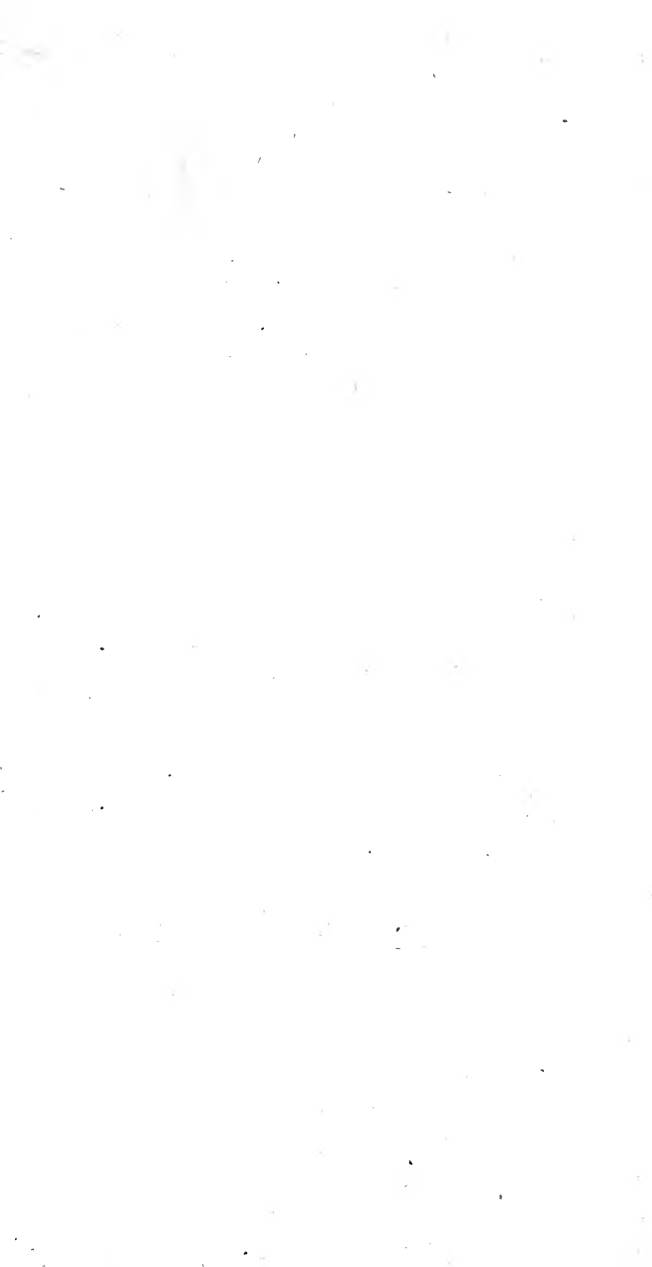
“Apropos,” said Tom Shuffleton to the Duke, whilst reading the Duchess of Beauvoir's letter to him; “Pray do

tell me a little about the company at Bath; let us know who was there, and what they were about." "I'll tell you at supper-time," said Glen Eagle; "but at present I must go to the Park: my world of happiness is there; she must not of course wait: honour commands my presence, Tom: and

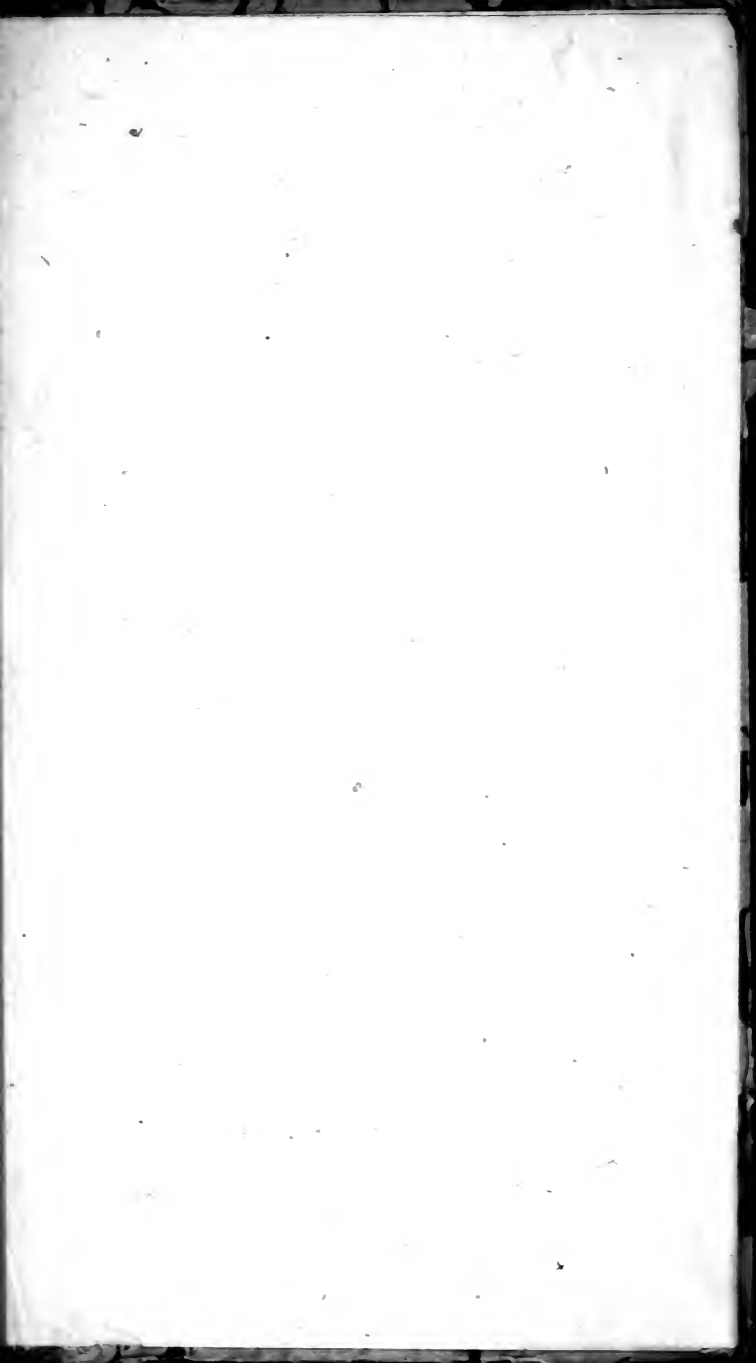
"When a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place."

GAY.

END OF VOL. I.







UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 076265096